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LADY EDITH FOXWELL

JAN. 23, 1957
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LADY EDITH FOXWELL is the daughter of the late Capt. the Hon. L. J. O. Lambart, D.S.O., R.N., younger brother of the 10th Earl of Cavan. Her husband is Mr. Ivan Foxwell, the well-known film producer, and they have two daughters, Zia, who was born in 1940, and Atlanta who will be a year old in February. The Foxwells live at Home Farm, Sherston, Wiltshire, and have a penthouse in Upper Grosvenor Street, Mayfair. Cover photograph by Yevonde

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From January 23 to January 30

Jan. 23 (Wed.) The Furniture Exhibition (Public Exhibition), to Feb. 2 (close Jan. 27), Ground Floor, Earls Court.

North Northumberland Hunt Ball at Tillmouth Park Hotel, Cornhill-on-Tweed.

Jan. 24 (Thurs.) Princess Alexandra will visit the Furniture Exhibition at Earls Court.

Racing at Wincanton.

Jan. 25 (Fri.) Hunt Balls: The Cowdray Hunt Ball at Cowdray House (not on Jan. 18 as previously stated); The V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) Hunt Ball at the Bingham Hall, Cirencester; The Old Berkeley Hunt Ball at Watford Town Hall; The North Warwickshire Hunt Ball at Shire Hall, Warwick.

Racing at Kempton Park and Manchester.

Jan. 26 (Sat.) Rugby Football: Ireland v. France in Dublin.

Australia Day Banquet at the Savoy Hotel.

Burns Night Concert at the Royal Festival Hall.

Racing at Kempton Park, Manchester, Catterick Bridge and Warwick.

Jan. 27 (Sun.) Song recital, Luigi Infantino, Royal Albert Hall.

Jan. 28 (Mon.) Squash Rackets: Great Britain v. South Africa (Edinburgh S.C.).

Hereford Herd Book Society Show and Sale (bulls) (two days).

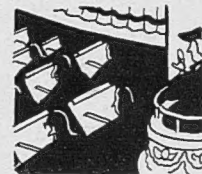
L'Entente Cordiale Ball at the Cafe de Paris in aid of the British Sailors' Society.

Racing at Plumpton and Nottingham.

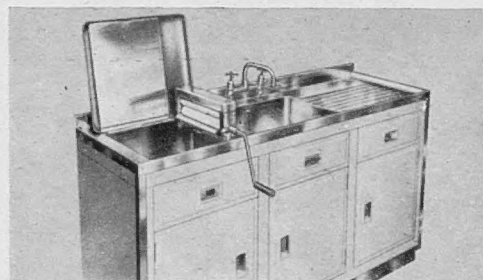
Jan. 29 (Tue.) Concert: Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Thomas Schippers, soloist Rosalyn Tureck, Royal Festival Hall, 8 p.m.

Racing at Nottingham.

Jan. 30 (Wed.) Australia Club Dinner at the Dorchester Hotel.



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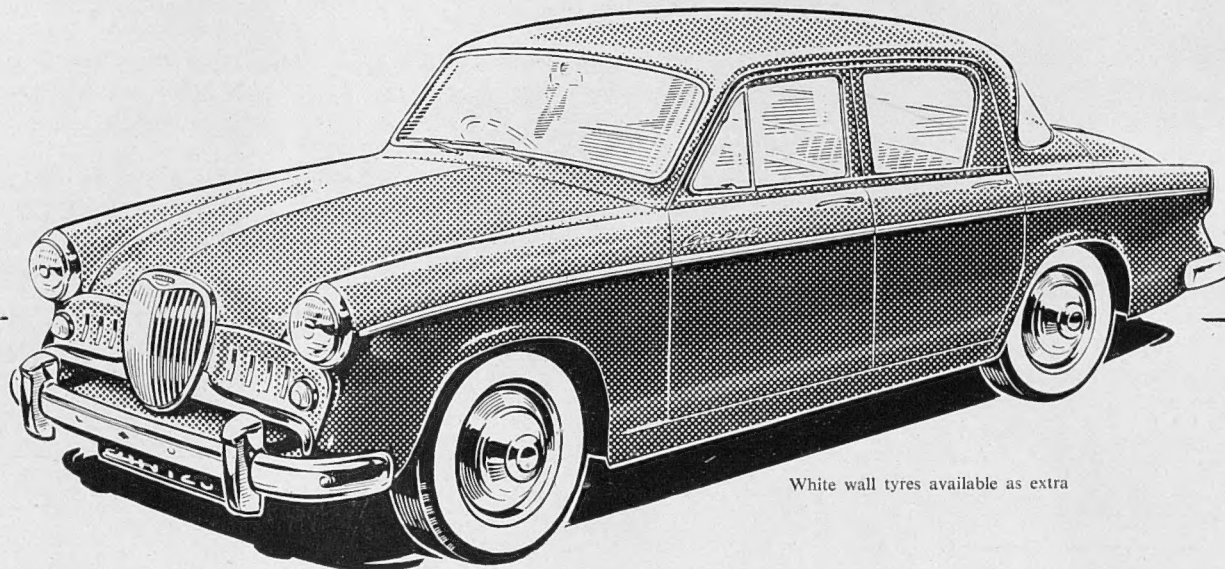
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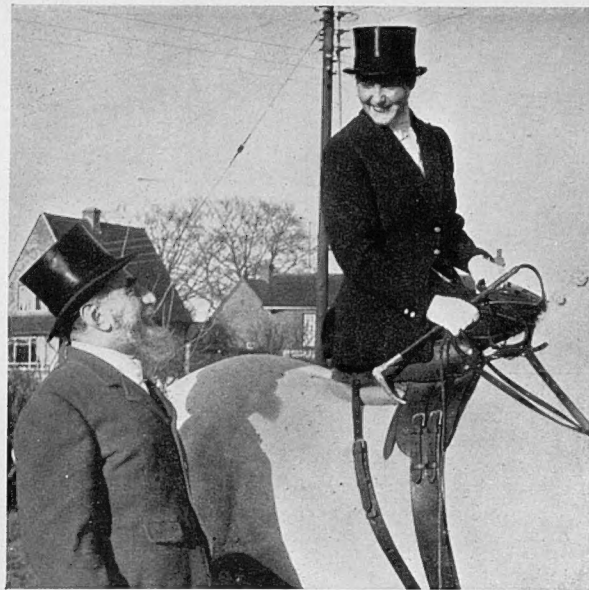


Betty Swaabe

A debutante-elect with her mother

MRS. EDWARD LAMBERT is seen with her daughter, Miss Monica Lambert, solving a jigsaw puzzle in a room of their home in Paris. They are the wife and daughter of Mr. Edward Thomas Lambert, C.B.E., Counsellor and Consul-General

at the British Embassy in Paris since 1953. Miss Lambert, who is taking a course in French at the Sorbonne, is coming out this year and is to be presented at one of the Buckingham Palace Presentation parties in the spring



*Mr. Nubar Gulbenkian in conversation
with Mrs. H. S. Broom*

HOUNDS MEET ON A VILLAGE GREEN

FINE sunny weather added to a colourful scene when the Whaddon Chase held a meet at Stoke Hammond, near Leighton Buzzard; more than a hundred riders enjoyed an excellent day's hunting



Van Hallan

*Mr. Richard Cooper was talking to the
Hon. Mrs. R. C. Faulconer*

*Mr. W. G. Oliver with Mrs.
L. B. Stoddart*



*Miss Eleanor Johnson and
Miss Patricia Heady*



*Mr. A. L. Samuelson and
Mrs. Nubar Gulbenkian*



*Miss D. Shirley, Mrs. W. Shirley,
Mrs. R. A. Lockhart-Smith*



*Hounds move off to the first covert followed
by the large field*

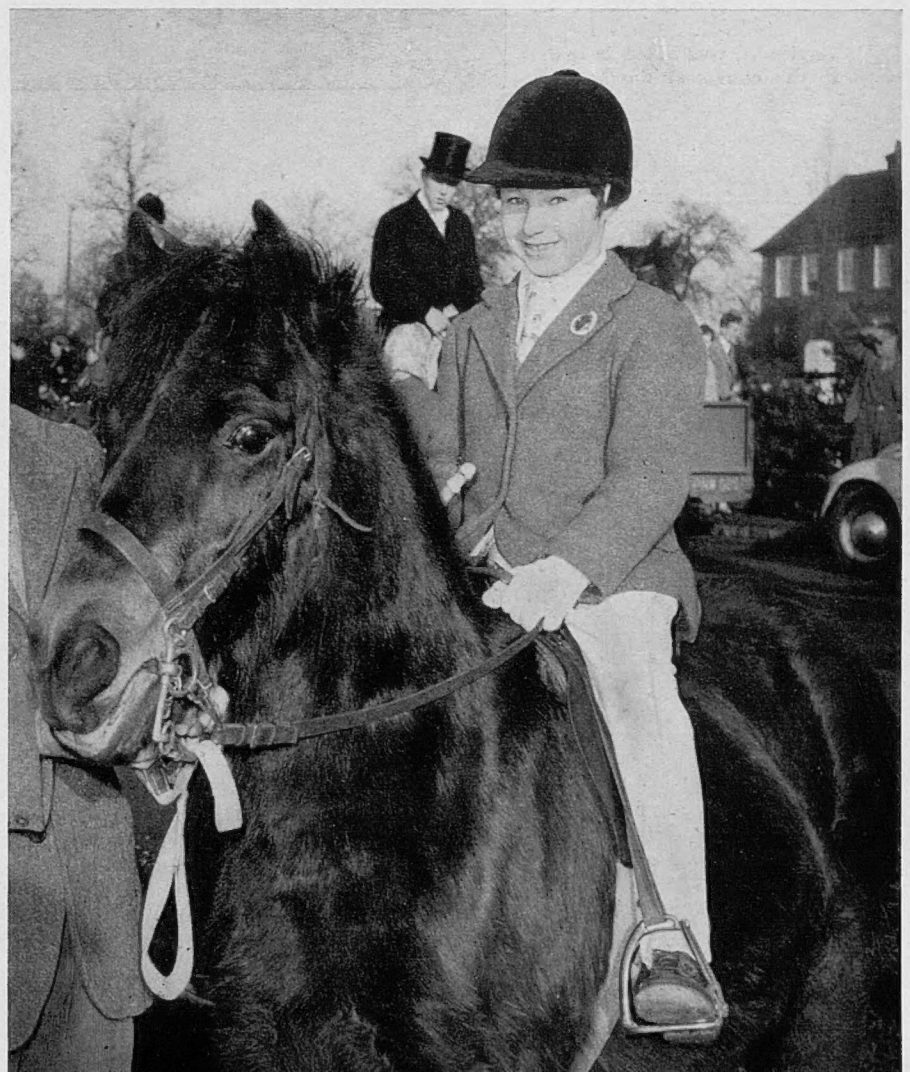


Major Lorraine Smith, Hunt Sec., Mrs. D. Williams and Mr. D. Williams, M.F.H.

The youngest follower was Miss Nikola Kessler on her alert pony



*Miss Pamela Fry watches new arrivals with
Mrs. B. Gibbs*



A ROYAL PAGE AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S

DUNCAN DAVIDSON is the son of Lady Rachel Davidson, C.V.O., sister of the Duke of Norfolk and Lady-in-Waiting to H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent. He is seen in the courtyard of St. James's Palace dressed in the clothes worn as Page to Her Majesty the Queen. His father, Lt.-Col. Colin Keppel Davidson, was killed in action in the course of the last war:



Tony Armstrong Jones

Social Journal

Jennifer

LORD DERWENT'S SON MARRIED

BEAUTIFUL music carefully chosen, and a truly reverent service conducted with quiet sincerity, were the outstanding features of the marriage of the Hon. Robin Vanden-Bempde-Johnstone, only son of Lord and Lady Derwent, and Mlle. Sybille de Simard de Pitray, daughter of the Vicomte de Simard de Pitray and Mme. Jeanine Hennessy.

The service at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, was conducted by the Rev. Edwin King, vicar of Hackness, Lord and Lady Derwent's Yorkshire home, assisted by the Rev. D. B. Harris.

The bride, who is petite and very attractive, wore a really lovely white satin wedding dress which had been designed and made in Paris. It was embroidered down the front with gold and pearls and the long train was cleverly cut to fall from the hips; her tulle veil was held in place by a diamond tiara. She was preceded up the aisle, in the American custom, by her four bridesmaids Lady Rose Bligh, Miss Yolanda Calvocoressi, Mlle. de Brochery and Miss Virginia Cayley, with her Maid of Honour, Miss Susan Train, behind. They all wore most attractive ankle-length dresses of ruby red velvet with circlets of white ermine on their heads.

The bride was given away by her cousin M. C. de Parsac, who deputized for her brother M. Francois de Simard de Pitray, a jet pilot officer in the French Air Force who failed to get leave at the last moment.

Lord and Lady Derwent received the guests at the reception with the bride's mother. I am sure that everyone will agree that the two mothers looked outstandingly chic—quite the best dressed mothers of a bride or bridegroom I have seen for a very long time. Mme. Hennessy wore a full skirted chiffon dress with no sleeves in a lovely autumn tint shade, with which she had worn a short wild mink jacket in the church; her large hat was in the same shade of ostrich feathers with tiny emerald green bows. Lady Derwent was in a deep parma violet silk dress over which she had worn a soft pink coat, and she had a small hat the same shade as her dress.

AMONG the guests who were present at this wedding, which was an exceptionally happy one, were Mme. Chauvel, wife of the French Ambassador (she and her husband had given a small party at the French Embassy a few nights before for the young couple). Also Mr. Patrick Reilly, our Ambassador-designate to Moscow, who was knighted in the New Year's honours list and his daughter. Until recently he has been Minister at the British Embassy in Paris, where the bridegroom has been on Sir Gladwyn Jebb's staff for some time.

Sir Gladwyn and Lady Jebb had hoped to get over for the wedding, but pressure of work for Sir Gladwyn had prevented this; their son Miles and daughter Vanessa were both there.

Among relations present were the Hon. Lady Glyn, Freda, Countess of Listowel, her sons the Earl of Listowel and the Hon. Richard Hare

and his wife (who as Dora Gordine is well known as a brilliant sculptress), her daughter Lady Elisabeth More O'Ferrall, whose son Viscount Elveden was one of the ushers, and her granddaughter Lady Grantley. The Hon. Mrs. Alan Hare was present but her husband missed the wedding as he had just been posted to our Embassy in Athens. The bridegroom's great-aunt came up from Hampshire, and I saw Mrs. Stafford Mybergh and Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Wheatley; he proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom. The flowers in the church and at the reception were quite beautiful and included a hundred and twenty dozen carnations which had been flown up from Nice as a present to the young couple from M. Pierre Hammerel. I met Lady Anne Fummi and her attractive daughter Francesca who was soon off for a skiing holiday in Austria; Lady Anne's sister Lady Margaret Illingworth was also there.

OTHERS included Viscountess Downe, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Cator and her father Mr. Sam Storey, M.P., Mr. George Nissen, who was best man, and Countess Howe in pale blue who came with Lord Stamp and his American-born wife; they were all talking to Mr. and Mrs. Derek Stanley Smith. Nearby I met the bridegroom's god-mother Mrs. Faviell with Brig. Faviell, her son-in-law and daughter Mr. and Mrs. Noel Paice and her daughter-in-law, Lady Russell, whose husband Sir Charles Russell is laid up with that painful complaint shingles. Sir Kenelm Cayley was also unwell and had to miss the wedding, but Lady Cayley was there in great form with four of her attractive daughters—the two eldest, Lady Frank and Mrs. Maldwin Drummond, accompanied by Sir Robert Frank and Mr. Drummond, with Miss Virginia Cayley, who was a bridesmaid, and eleven-year-old Alison Cayley.

I saw the newly married Sir Andrew and Lady Montgomery Cunningham, and her cousin, Lord Nicholas Gordon-Lennox, who was a very efficient usher. He and Sir Andrew are among the bridegroom's Foreign Office friends. Others present included Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Robinson, Mrs. Galliers-Pratt, Mrs. Cotterell, the Hon. Lady Chichester, the Hon. Mrs. Buller who had come up from Devon, her son-in-law and daughter the Rev. Sir Patrick and Lady Ferguson-Davie, Col. the Hon. Malcolm and Mrs. Douglas-Pennant, Miss Anne de Lagarenne, the Hon. Mrs. Philip de Zulueta, Mrs. Calvo-coressi and General Sir Ivor and Lady Thomas.

After the bride and bridegroom return from their honeymoon in the south of Spain they will, for the present, make their home in Paris where the bridegroom is working at our Embassy.

★ ★ ★

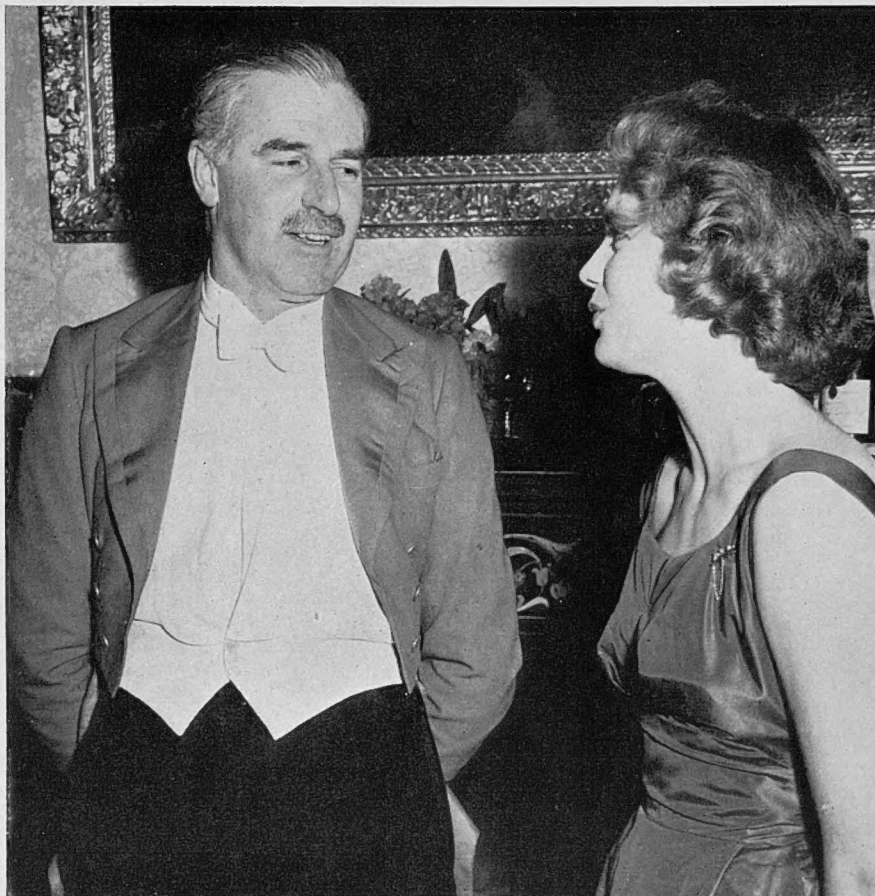
THE National Boat Show, first held only three years ago, has very quickly become one of the outstanding exhibitions of the year. The third one, just held at Olympia, was bigger and better than ever, with over 200 exhibitors from the British boat-building industry represented. These exhibitors catered for every type and every pocket. In a very brief tour I saw the tiny pram dinghies, costing little more than £10, exhibited by the Raven Boat Co., outboard boats of varying sizes, inboard craft such as the high-speed 16-ft. Healey Sports-boat shown by the Healey Marine Company, big luxury cabin cruisers, yachts, and the new and already popular South Coast One Design class.

This craft was designed by Mr. C. A. Nicholson, the object of the new class being to provide a good and inexpensive fast cruiser which can also be raced in passage events or round the buoys. These boats achieved some remarkable successes in the Solent last summer, and although the class started less than two years ago it has at least thirty-two boats either built or under construction.

A big crowd was gathered round A. H. Moody & Sons' stand nearby, where the principal exhibit was a 40-ft. auxiliary sloop, built to the design of Frederick Parker, with a glistening copper bottom. This craft, which accommodated six people in comfort, was to be exported at the end of the show. Here I met Earl St. Aldwyn and Sir Hugh Dawson, who had been going round the show together. An exhibit that attracted another big crowd was Bluebird, the turbo-jet powered hydroplane in which Mr. Donald Campbell has put up such a truly magnificent performance, twice shattering the world water speed record. In contrast, on a nearby stand it was interesting to see the little home-built 26-ft. yawl Orenda, in which Bert Smith and Alan Battersby left Halifax, Nova Scotia, last September to cross the Atlantic, at last reaching Dartmouth after a hazardous voyage.

After this quick tour round the show, I went to a very gay and delightful cocktail party given in the Empire Hall restaurant by the Hon. Max Aitken and his very attractive wife, who, wearing a soft green faille dress, helped him receive and look after their guests, who numbered over 300. Both host and hostess are keen sailing enthusiasts, and with his great energy and drive no one has done more to ensure the success of the Boat Show than Max Aitken. During the party he made two presentations. First he awarded the "Yachtsman of the Year" trophy to Lt.-Col. "Stug" Perry, who sailed his yacht Vision (designed by Arthur Robb) so well to gain a silver medal for Great

[Continued overleaf]



Ambrose O'Mullane

A happy evening was spent by those who attended the West Waterford Hunt Ball at Lismore Castle. Among the many who went were (above) Sir Richard Keane and Miss Ann Pratt

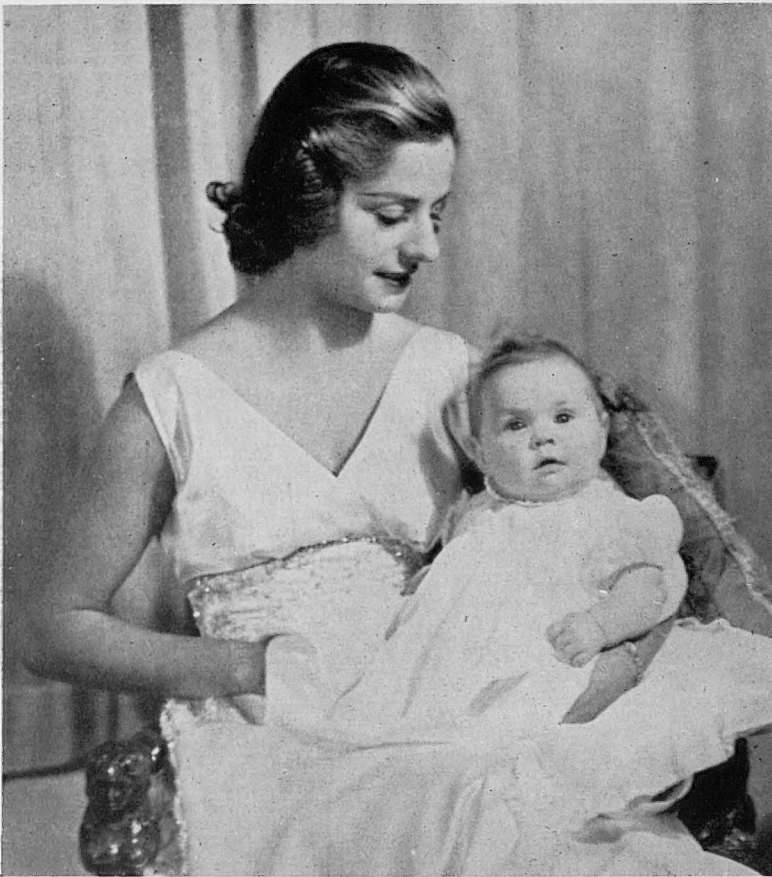
Mr. James Villiers-Stuart and
Mrs. C. E. N. Graham

Mr. Nicholas Hirsch (left), Mr.
M. Burges, Miss C. Harrison



Mrs. Bagwell, Major Bagwell and
Mr. Oliver Colthurst

The Hon. Patrick Conolly-
Carew, Miss Roberta Carew



MRS. MALCOLM HUTCHISON, of Montpelier Walk, S.W.7, with her daughter, Helen, aged six months. Mrs. Hutchison is the wife of Mr. Malcolm Hutchison, a member of the well-known Fife family of Strathairlie, and is the daughter of Mrs. Le Roy Burnham, Brackendale, Wentworth

Britain in the recent Olympics in Australia. With Col. Perry at the party were his wife and their son Charles, also Major Desmond Dillon and Mr. Neil Cochrane-Patrick, who had been his crew in Australia. Major Dillon, he told me, has crewed for him since 1948, and Mr. Cochrane-Patrick joined them in 1951.

The second presentation was a watertight wrist-watch given by Mr. Aitken to Mr. Donald Campbell, holder of the world water speed record. The speeches were very brief, clear and to the point, and Mr. Campbell received a cheer when, in a few words of thanks, he said that today many people detract from Britain's greatness, but he would like to remind them that we now hold the speed record on the land, in the air and on the water. We also hold the world's altitude record—a fine tribute to our engineering circles.

The Hon. George Ward, Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, was at the party and another Member of Parliament I met was Mr. Frederick Erroll and his very pretty blonde wife. Two great airmen I saw were Group Capt. Douglas Bader and W/Cdr. Paul Richey. I also met Mr. Dick Fremantle, Commodore of the London Sailing Club, and his wife, and Sir Geoffrey Lowles, Commodore of the Itchenor Sailing Club; also Mr. Stuart Morris, one of the finest helmsmen of the century, Mr. David Pollock and Mr. Gavin Anderson, another capable helmsman. The Hon. Neville Berry was among other yachting enthusiasts there, also Col. and Mrs. Towers Clark, Mr. Uffa Fox, Mr. Pat Egan, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Crichton, who have just bought a house at Bembridge, Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth Jones and Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Pickering, who sail at Itchenor.

A "not so nautical" quartette talking together were Ann Lady Orr-Lewis and Mrs. Rosie Clyde, with Mr. Frank More O'Ferrall and Mr. Nicko Collins, who one more often sees racing than sailing. Lady Elizabeth Clyde I saw, also Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Mills, and Sir Archibald and Lady McIndoe, who told me they were off a few days later to spend six weeks at their farm in Africa.

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BEFORE I went to the Boat Show I went to a reception at Claridge's, where Lord Luke received the guests. Later he presented the Duke of Edinburgh's Awards to the representatives of winning cinemas of the National Playing Fields Association Cinema Appeal. This industry responded readily and co-operated to the full through its various branches of production, distribution and actual showing. Mr. Ivan Foxwell, assisted by Mr. Guy Hamilton, produced a most entertaining trailer, entirely free of cost, for the N.P.F.A. Peggy Mount, Bob Hope, Kenneth More and Douglas Lamont very generously donated their services, as did those connected with the technical requirements of the film—too numerous to name.

The Cinematograph Exhibitors Association was responsible for the clerical work and organization connected with the distribution of the film, and the takings realized in the cinemas, while managers of the cinemas throughout the country co-operated to the full for the benefit of the N.P.F.A., and the magnificent result has been that the total received up to January 1 in England, Wales, Northern Ireland, the Channel Isles and the Isle of Man was £112,000; Scotland, which ran its own collections, hopes to raise £20,000, which makes the grand total £132,000.

At the reception I met General Sir Frederick Browning, chairman of the Appeal Committee, who was happily looking much better than he did a couple of months ago; Col. Murray Lawes, who is chairman of the Kent Branch of the N.P.F.A., Brigadier Hicks, the assistant secretary of the Association, Capt. Roy Harry, R.N., and Mr. Ivan Foxwell who had just finished his new film *Manuela*, which will probably be ready for showing in the late summer. Among those present who had made presentations of token cheques for the appeal were Mr. B. T. Davies the President, representing the Cinematograph Exhibitors Association, Mr. Kenneth Winkles representing the Circuits Management Association, Sir Philip Warter of Associated British Cinemas, and Mr. Sol Sheckman of the Essoldo circuit.

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THE Young People's Ball at Londonderry House is becoming quite an important event for teenagers in the Christmas holidays. It is organized in aid of the League of Pity (Junior Section of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children). Mrs. George Courtauld was once again President of the Ball, and Mrs. John Carras the hard-working chairman of a very active committee. When I looked in at Londonderry House for a short while around midnight, I found both the President and chairman busy with big parties of their own and moving about seeing that all was going to plan.

There were over five hundred at the Ball, and the majority of these were young people who filled the long stately ballroom, with its ancestral portraits adorning the walls, all the evening. Countess Howe had a big party as did Lord and Lady Mancroft, Mrs. Gavin Ferguson and Mrs. Stewart-Smith. Among the young people I saw dancing were Miss Venetia Quarry, partnered by the Hon. Bruce Hacking, Peta-Carolyn Stocker and her brother Michael Stocker, Miss Caroline Nares who was in Lady Howe's party, which included the débutantes Lady Frances Curzon and Miss Susan Shafto, also Miss Ann Shafto, Mr. Michael Jollye, and Mr. Robin Finch-Hatton. Mr. Costa Carras, who is in his first year at Oxford, was helping at the soft drinks bar, and David Monico, singing very amusing songs, accompanied by Thelia Dyson on a guitar, entertained guests just after midnight. Moira Lister, looking very pretty in a cream coloured organza dress, presented prizes to the young prizewinners.

★ ★ ★

ST. MORITZ I hear was very gay over the New Year with a round of parties. Many familiar faces are back there for the season, including Prinz Constantin of Liechtenstein, who I hear is Hon. Secretary of the famous Corviglia Club this year. But even with this new duty, he manages to fit in a ride on the Cresta some mornings. A young rider who has been enjoying himself on the hazardous Cresta is Winston Churchill, who has been staying there for most of his school holidays with his mother, Mrs. Pamela Churchill. A somewhat older rider is Victor Pope, who came over from Germany, where he is doing his National Service. He achieved the splendid time of 29.3 from Stream.

The great excitement so far this season was when the Marquis of Portago broke Mr. John Crammond's record from Stream, doing it in 28.9. Soon afterwards, he left St. Moritz for a couple of weeks in South America, where he was to drive in the Argentine Grand Prix. He hoped to be back in St. Moritz yesterday (January 22). Mr. and Mrs. Loel Guinness have been staying at the Palace, also his son and her daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Guinness. I hear that bookings at this famous hotel, and at several of the others, are bigger than ever this year—right through until March—so it promises to be a brilliant season.

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FROM here I went on for a short while to the Pineapple Ball at Grosvenor House, in aid of the Stowe Club for Boys, where, in spite of transport difficulties, numbers were up two hundred on last year, which meant there were nearly nine hundred guests present. Most of these were young, and the huge dance floor was full most of the evening. There was also a big crowd round the tombola where they had nearly six hundred prizes, all of which had been given. From the tremendous enthusiasm I saw among Old Stoics and all present, I was not surprised to hear next day from the very active and able chairman of the ball, Mr. David Duckworth, that the magnificent sum of £1,000 clear profit had been made as the result of the evening. This money is going to the building of the new club house for the Pineapple

boys, an architect's drawing of which was on view in the gallery, and drew much attention and interest.

Earl Haig, who was at school at Stowe, was patron of the ball this year and was present with Countess Haig; they sat with Mr. A. B. Clifford the Second Master of Stowe School who is treasurer and a founder member of the Pineapple Club. The vice-chairman of the ball, Mr. David Kitching, and his charming wife were busy helping behind the tombola, as was Mr. Duckworth's fiancée Miss Margaret Williamson, Mr. Charles Malden and Mr. John Clifford. Others present included Lady Doughty, Mr. David Hyam who has for the past five years brought a big party of over twenty friends, Miss Aurea Battiscombe, Miss Belinda Gouldsmith and Miss Valerie Goodwin, who brought another big party. Her uncle Mr. George Pick, an Old Stoic, is a member of the club committee. There was an excellent and very gay cabaret to add to the enjoyment of a happy and high-spirited evening.

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It is good to hear that a number of young children, even tiny tots, are being brought up to think of and help other little children not so fortunate as themselves. I discovered this again at the children's party at the Savoy, organized to raise funds for the Invalid Children's Aid Association. Many of the children present were I.C.A.A.J.A.s (Invalid Children's Aid Association Junior Associates). These little people, I heard, took their duties seriously, had their money boxes at home to collect threepenny bits, got their parents and uncles and aunts to join as Associate Members, collected the clothes that they and their friends had grown out of, and did many useful things to help provide for the invalid children, through the medium of this most active Association.

The idea is that well children help sick ones. In every big city there are children who have been ill and who would get quite well again if only they could go away out of smoke and fog for just a little while; some of these children have never been away, never seen the sea or a farm!

But the I.C.A.A. tries to take care of this. It provides holiday homes at the seaside and in the country where children can go and get well and strong after illness, and also provides the many extras to make a child's holiday a really happy one; for as health returns so does activity, and the child's sphere of interest widens rapidly.

Mrs. Rex Cohen and Mrs. Donald Page were joint-chairmen of the children's party and really worked hard to make it a success, just as they did last summer for the children's party they ran for the same good cause at Marlborough House. They work as hard for the Association as do Mr. Billy Wallace and Miss Judy Montagu. These two, incidentally, are chairman and vice-chairman of the film premiere of *Anastasia* being given for the Invalid Children's Aid Association at the Carlton Theatre on February 21 in the presence of Princess Margaret.

To return to the party—when little guests arrived, they were greeted by a Fairy Queen and Uncle Holly; then there were games and Ron Field's marionette theatre before tea. After tea there were more games, followed by a ballet given by about fifty of Madame Vacani's pupils, which was very well done. After this there were set dances, games and the presentation of prizes. I met Miss Elizabeth Hoyer Millar, the Hon. Katharine Smith and the Hon. Diana Herbert, who had all been busy selling tickets for the tombola which had over a thousand prizes.

Among parents were Lord and Lady Ogilvy, who brought their two little girls, Doune and Jane (the elder one took part in the ballet). The Countess of Bessborough brought Lady Charlotte Ponsonby, Lady Harwood-Banner came with her elder daughter Susan, who was dressed as a kitten and took part in the Nursery Rhymes, and Lady (Charles) Russell brought her daughter Clare and her eight-month-old son and heir.

Other pupils of Madame Vacani who were at the party, and took part in the ballet, included Antonia Woosnam-Mills and Valerie Jackman, dressed as a boy and girl in evening dress; they did a very clever tap-dance—top hat, white tie and tails—in the true Fred Astaire style! Janet Smith, who is going to make ballet dancing her career and is already training hard, danced the Skaters' Waltz with great charm, dressed in a snow-white skating dress.

There was a "fairy ballet," in which the fairies included Linda Bailey as a pink fairy, Susan and Sally Potier and Sarah Aubrey, and an amusing number "Poodles and Pussycats," in which the children taking part, dressed as one or the other, included Sarah Collings Wells, Venetia Heathcote and Jane Crang. Two seven-year-olds, Heather Littler Jones and Geraldine Messervy-Whiting, dancing quite beautifully and dressed as miniature bride and bridegroom, gave a most admirable performance of "Love and Marriage." Nothing came in for more applause than the first item, "Nursery Rhymes," which was done by the very youngest pupils, most of whom knew no stage-fright—some could only just walk!



Spinsters' Rock and Roll Ball

THE New Forest Spinsters' Ball at Brockenhurst included Rock and Roll numbers. Above, the Misses P. Spring-Smyth, T. Everett, R. Wheeler, J. Scott-Pearse, D. Sive-wright, G. Sutton, T. Mountain, D. Fenton and M. Forman



Miss Katherine Worsley
and Mr. Adrian Slade



Miss Chalmers Parry and
Mr. Simon Attlee



Lt.-Cdr. A. Rowe, D.S.C.,
R.N., Miss M. Nias



Victor Yorke

Mr. J. Curry, Miss S. Badham, Mr. E. Thomson, Miss S. Shillington, Mr. P. Crocker, Miss L. Forsyth and P. Woodward

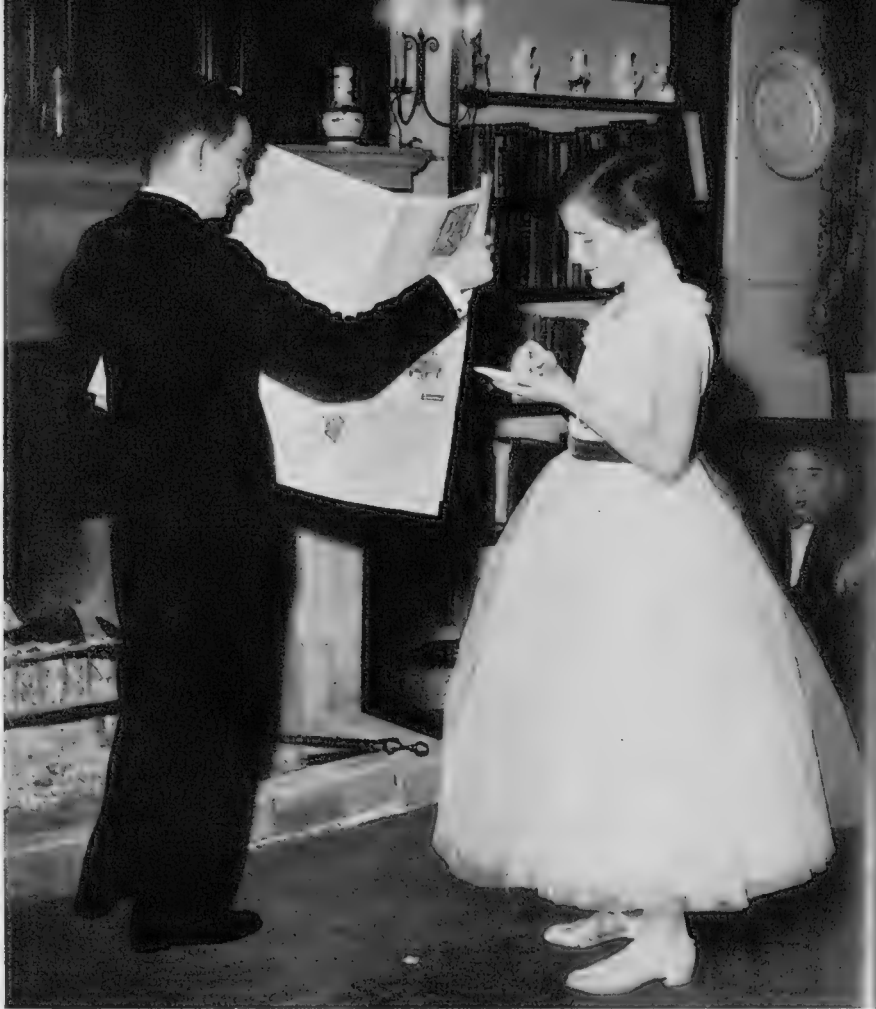
JUNIOR HUNT BALL

THE COTSWOLD HUNT gave a ball for young followers at Rossley Manor Country Club, which was once again an immense success



The Master of the Cotswold, Sir Hugh Arbuthnot, Bt., and Lady Arbuthnot

Julian Healing, Elisabeth Ann Powell, Dennis Fyshe, and Caroline Hayman



Richard Fairhurst and Penelope Langhorne enjoying themselves. There were 240 guests at the ball

Miss Susan Shaw and Judith and Richard Langhorne

Roger Champness, Eva Wishaw and James Pike

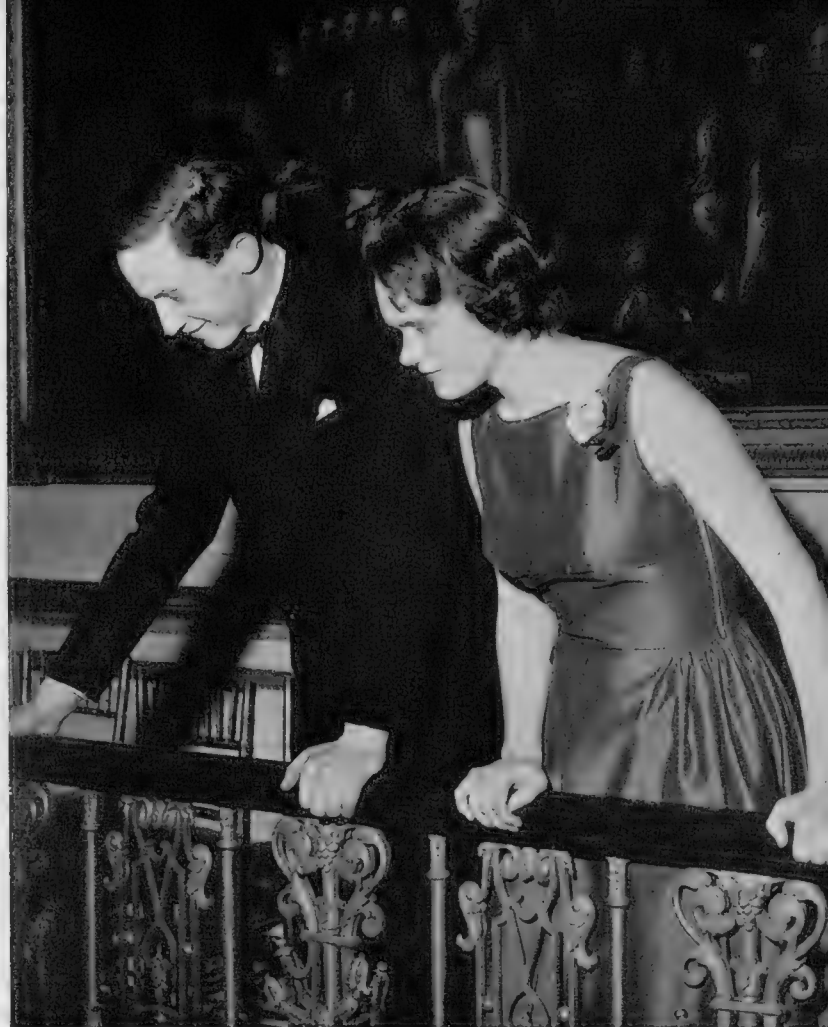


Timothy Woods, Caroline King Martyn, Gillian Firth, Jennifer Bridges, Antony Burnett

Jenny Morris and Christopher King-Holford

Mark Howell and Teresa Bantock at the buffet

A. V. Swaabe



A BALL FOR YOUTH

THE LEAGUE OF PITY, junior section of the N.S.P.C.C., held their Young People's Ball at Londonderry House. The ball president, as in previous years, was Mrs. George Courtauld. Above: Mr. Kenneth Whitty and Miss Anne Higson

*The Hon. M. Morris, Miss E. de Rouet, Mr. C. Carras,
Miss S. Bunyan, Mr. P. Champenois, Miss J. Gaitshell*



A. V. Swaebé

Miss M. d'Erlanger, Mr. W. Guinness, Miss P. Malcolm and Mr. R. Ewart

Mr. Charles Minoprio and Miss Rosamund Coldstream looked down at their friends

*Miss Jennifer Gilbert and
Mr. Gavin Tate*

*Miss Sally-Ann Welford
and Mr. A. Whinney*



*Miss Susan Shafto and
Mr. Nicholas Cohen*

*Mr. Gay Foster and
Mr. Geoffrey Knight*



A light-footed group of dancers in their traditional costumes

THE CANARY ISLES

THE Canary Isles offer the perfect climate for the Englishman abroad during the winter months. From November to April the temperature averages 66.5 deg. F., and there is an average of 6½ hours' sunshine a day. The archipelago stretches from ashen Lanzarote against the coast of Spanish Africa to verdant Palma nearly three hundred miles out in the Atlantic, each of the seven islands possessing a character strangely different from the rest and ranging in size from lonely Gomera and Hierro, both rather smaller than the Isle of Wight, to Teneriffe, Grand Canary, and unknown Fuerteventura, all of which exceed its area by several times.

Grand Canary displays an astonishing variety of scenery and climate, from a lush, subtropical coastal belt to a savage alpine interior which on Teneriffe is capped by the almost eternal snows of the 12,000-foot Pico de Teide.

Much of the charm of the islands lies in this exoticism of aspect, the totally unanticipated strangeness of so many of the scenes, the fierce contrasts between temperate and tropical zones. The land alternates between luxuriant fertility and moonlike sterility; Europe and Africa are not blended but exist side by side and unassimilated, remote from the influences that have shaped the Mediterranean shore.

If you seek sun and rest rather than excitement, nowhere could be pleasanter than the idyllic resort of Puerto de la Cruz lying below the exotic valley of Orotava on the island of Teneriffe with the snowy slopes of the Pico de Teide rising behind. Its charm is in its soothing tranquillity, the streets of spotless whitewashed houses, and the light blue sea that foams against the rocky shore. Puerto de la Cruz possesses other and more tangible attractions. The beach is of small account (nearly everywhere in these volcanic islands precipitate cliffs merge steeply with the sea, and beaches where they exist are of black basaltic sand) but safe bathing is possible in the sea and rock pools and there is an excellent swimming-pool. The town's shaded square affords open-air



The camel is the beast of burden most used in the islands



A typical scene which shows the African element in the islands' make-up



A view of the rocky mountainous country which contrasts with the coastal scenery

cafés, friendly bars—my favourite (Irishwise, part of a grocer's) served tolerable brandy at 4d. the glass, and had a barman who was reading Kenneth Tynan on bullfighting—two cinemas and some excellent shops; in addition there is a good English lending library and an English church and club. A small English residential colony survives here and in Orotava, a very lovely old town near-by, famous for the carpets of flowers with which it paves its streets at the *fiestas* which take place in June after Corpus Christi.

PUERTO DE LA CRUZ's hotels are much above average for the Canaries. At the German-owned Monopol I had a big old-fashioned room with modern bathroom for just under a pound a day including full pension, though not of course service and extras; by sacrificing a private bath you could probably get by on 21s. a day inclusive, and for this you get excellent food and all the amenities of this attractive and efficiently-run hotel. Another German-owned hotel, the Martianez, though a little more expensive, is also very well run and most agreeable in atmosphere, while a slightly chilly luxury is afforded by the hill-top Taoro at 55s. a day upwards.

It is a pity there are no such hotels in places like Orotava, La Laguna and Icod, but the only other town on Tenerife where you can stay is Santa Cruz, an ocean port of call with well over 100,000 inhabitants. Accommodation here ranges from the modern and very luxurious Mencey at 70s. a day and upwards to one of the best second-class hotels I have ever stayed in, the recently-built Anaga, where for 16s. 6d. a day you get a spotless room with private shower and telephone, excellent food and impeccable service. While there are no public rooms apart from a pleasant bar-restaurant, there are the advantages of scrupulous cleanliness, constant hot water, and plumbing and a lift that work, features inclined to be erratic in even the best of Spanish hotels.

FOR a stay of any length, however, I would prefer Las Palmas to Santa Cruz de Tenerife, for whereas the latter city has been rather brutally modernized, the former has retained much of its old Spanish colonial-style atmosphere and offers considerable charm in its quaint streets. It has too what Santa Cruz lacks, a really good bathing beach of golden sand, with a calm lagoon reef-protected from the beating ocean waves.

I personally would be inclined to stay outside the city and come in whenever I felt like it. One of the most beautiful places on Grand Canary is the district round Santa Brígida, in the hills nine miles from Las Palmas. The flower bordered roads mount towards the centre of the island, where the scene becomes verdantly alpine until you reach Cruz de Tejeda, five thousand feet above sea level, where the *parador* overlooks a panorama of tormented brown mountain rocks. It is a wonderful place to lunch and you can stay there too, but after a day or so its isolation might pall. There is no accommodation in the pretty village of Santa Brígida except for the simplest of *fondas*, but many people

stay at the rather anglicized but pleasant Santa Brígida hotel at near-by Monte Coello; terms are from about 30s. a day.

The only other hotel outside Las Palmas I can recommend is the French-managed Guayarmina at Agaete, thirty miles from the capital.

Between all the islands, except the little known but delightful La Palma, there are frequent sea and air connections: the Iberia air services are most efficient and nearly as cheap as the Trasmediterranea boats. The return fare by Aquila flying-boat from Southampton has been reduced to £78 and the flying time direct is twelve hours; flying by Iberia land-planes from London costs £86 5s. and involves a stop-over of at least one night in Madrid.

BY sea you can travel by ships of the Royal Mail, Union Castle and other lines, but guaranteed return passages are sometimes difficult to obtain, and during the season it may be better to make the five-day voyage by the winter sunshine service of the Bergen Line Venus, the return fare being from a minimum of £65 upward. Undoubtedly, the cheapest way is by modern cargo-passenger boats of the Spanish Aznar Line, which sail weekly from London Bridge carrying either seventy or thirty-six passengers at a return fare of £42 in a four-berth cabin or £53 in a double or single. Accommodation is not always available at very short notice but I believe one agent usually has a few berths in hand for last-minute allocation.

—Richard Graham



A woman of the Canaries wears the traditional head-dress

BRITAIN'S PREMIER AT WORK

THE RT. HON. HAROLD MACMILLAN, P.C., M.P., has all the qualifications for his high office. Educated at Eton and Balliol, he first entered Parliament in 1924. From then until 1945 he worked in many different Departments and Ministries. As Minister of Housing after the 1951 election his forceful determination brought about very satisfactory results in the housing drive. Since then he has been Minister of Defence, Foreign Secretary, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, in which office he worked unrelentingly to keep the country's economy stable under heavy stress



Tom Blau

Roundabout

• Cyril Ray

WHILE my looser-limbed and stouter-hearted friends sought their winter holidays—those that had the time and the money—on snow-bound Swiss or Austrian or Italian slopes, my own brief winter respite took me no farther than the banks of the Rhine. Eating and drinking, and gossiping with friends, is as far these days as my limited store of energy will take me.

Bonn, as a friend there pointed out, is the only European capital where some of the trains don't stop—the expresses roar right through, to bigger and busier places—but it is acquiring some of the airs and graces of a capital city, albeit a capital no bigger than Southend.

Among the appurtenances proper to the centre of government of a European power is a sizeable British colony, of journalists and diplomatists and business men, and it occurred to one of them one evening to ask his fellows what it was they missed most in their temporary exile from England in general and London in particular.

To one it was the cry of newsboys: "All the winners!" or "Read all abaht it!" or that magic, one-word abracadabra, "Starnoosastander!" I recalled, myself, the red, white and green of London: the green of the parks and the plane trees; the white of Portland stone, where it weathers on its western face; the red of bus and pillar-box and telephone kiosk. There was a view of

Trafalgar Square from what used to be the ladies' drawing-room of the United University Club, before it altered its internal architecture, that could be dazzling in its brightness and colour, on days when the sun fell upon the portico of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and on the red buses sailing by.

ONE nostalgic sigh that surprised us all for a moment, and then found us saying, "But of course: how true!" was for the clank, clank, clank of goods trains, as the brakes are applied in shunting-yards at night, and the wagons cannon into each other all along the train. A sound, it seems, peculiar to Britain, now that other, more go-ahead countries have modernized their braking systems.

We pursued this only mildly homesick theme in a half-timbered, seventeenth-century wine-tavern by the river, surrounded by its own vineyards, where the northernmost wine in the world is grown—and drunk—and wins all-German prizes for its delicacy and charm.

Any schoolboy or undergraduate reading social history could learn from the mistress of the Bredershof what life was like for the wife of a substantial yeoman of a couple of hundred years ago: up at five to cook and serve and clear away the breakfasts of husband and children and a dozen indoor and outdoor workers, as much members of the family as servants; bottling

and pickling and baking and sewing and mending all day, to say nothing of another couple of massive meals to be cooked and presided over; and bed at midnight, but not before husband and wife have drunk a bottle of their own wine apiece, every night of their lives, to refresh them after a day's work to be proud of. And a bottle of the tavern's own Niederdollendorfer Longenburgerberg Riesling—you have my word for it—is a nightcap worth drinking.

It is a measure of the disaster that last year's vile weather meant to the wine-growers of Europe, and the wine-drinkers of the world, that the vineyards that normally produce 40,000 litres of wine as good as that for Franz Muller's Bredershof produced, in 1956, a mere 8,000, and poor stuff into the bargain.

THE way I like to travel to the Rhineland is to fly my car over to Ostend by the admirable air ferry, and loiter on the way among the fleshpots and the bright lights of Belgium. One can breakfast in Britain, lunch in Belgium, and dine in Germany with no more trouble than in driving from London to Birmingham. Less, in fact, for neither Belgium nor Germany rations petrol.

Brussels, these days, is more glitteringly *la ville lumière* than any other city in Europe: sit over coffee of an evening in the Place Brouckère and tell me if even the lights of Paris are any brighter. And this time we lingered in Bruges, as well. Much has been written about that Flemish Venice, so let me say only that, as we reached it, the carillon in the great belfry was playing Mozart, its forty-seven bells spelling out Papageno's melodious insistence from *The Magic Flute*, that it's love that makes the world go round. What prettier a welcome could any city offer?

I GREW up to believe that it was in science, steel production, and the more solemn sorts of scholarship that Germany outstripped her more frivolous Western neighbours. Nowadays, as well as all that, one notices the near-American slickness and the almost French imaginativeness with which Western Germany provides the frothier amenities: sightseeing tramcars equipped with cocktail bars, and some of the liveliest modern architecture and interior decoration in Europe, to say nothing of an engaging revival of the great German rococo tradition in porcelain.

Happiest innovation of all is the system that—during the few hours when the florists' shops are closed—sells harassed husbands and belated boy friends bouquets of flowers from slot machines, hooded in plastic bags and with their stems in sealed plastic reservoirs of water. Here, indeed, is a public service that might well be extended to all those English cities where married men are kept late at the office, thank-you letters fail to get themselves written, or proud beauties have, for whatever other reason, to be placated.



HEATH

So the birds have been hard put to it, and the kindly Englishwoman we stayed with put crumbs on the garden wall for the cocky little robins, the fat blackbirds, and the one glossy magpie that slanted every now and again across the garden sky, a dazzling diagonal.

WE bought a coconut for them at the little open-air market huddling under Bonn's rococo Rathaus, where sturdy countrywomen, vast in their flannel petticoats, stamp their feet and clap their hands in the cold, watching their eggs and their geese, their great, knobbly celeriac roots and sweet little button-size sprouts, their dull German cheeses and their delicious German butter.

But even the tits would have none of our proffered gift, neglecting the two pendent halves of nut, though they were bold enough, and hungry and cold enough—*clemmed*, as we say in the North—to sweep the wall clear of crumbs. Was it, we wondered, that the birds—familiar though they looked to our English eyes—were set in their German ways, so that they regarded coconut as a funny foreign innovation, in the way that a British workingman might look askance at *bouillabaisse*?

Perhaps there are English-speaking tits and robins, as it were, and there are Central Europeans, and their respective cuisines vary according to their country of residence.

GERMANY has its special appeal, by the way, to those, like myself, who collect names that are specially absurd or specially appropriate.

To my English specimens I can now add Dr. Virus, the medical practitioner, and Herr Posch, who must surely be a particularly slap-up ladies' tailor.

BRIGGS

by Graham





*The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
JAN. 23,
1937
140*



*Mrs. Edna W. Guy, Mr. Montague Smyth, the
artist, and Mrs. Dorian Smyth*

PASTEL EXHIBITION

MEMBERS of the Pastel Society are holding their fifty-first exhibition at the Royal Institute Galleries in Piccadilly. Above: Mrs. M. Wilding and Mr. S. Morse-Brown



*Miss Margaret Pomeroy, Miss Eleanor Cooke
and Miss Karen Hosp at the private view*



*Mrs. Le Hunte Anderson and her daughter
Carolo by Raymond Sheppard's "Tiger"*

*Mrs. Little escorted by Mr.
Gordon Little*

*Mr. J. Grant, President,
and Mrs. N. Baron*



*Lady Codling and Mrs.
J. M. Hornsby*



*Mrs. Helen Read and Mrs.
Felix Fonteyn*

Desmond O'Neill

THE PINEAPPLE BALL

THE Pineapple Ball was held at Grosvenor House in aid of the Stowe Club for Boys; the proceeds will go to building a new club

Mr. Julian Ashby and Miss Ann Stanes

The Hon. Derek and Mrs. Winn



Mr. J. Newton, Mr. G. Smallwood, Miss J. Mander, Miss E. de Marffy-Mantuano



Miss Sally Harris and Mr. F. Carbutt

Mr. Michael Cooke and Miss Karen Hosp



Mr. Peter Clark was in conversation with Miss Suzanne Dalton-Morris



A. V. Swache

Earl and Countess Haig talk to Mr. A. B. Clifford, a master at Stowe



Mr. J. Howson, Miss Pauline Howson, Mr. and Mrs. Kitching, Mr. D. Duckworth and Miss M. Williamson

Priscilla in Paris

TAVERN IN THE TOWN

THERE is a snack bar midway up the left pavement of the Champs-Élysées for which I have great predilection. I go there *en garçon*. When I decide to spend such a thoroughly selfish evening a pleasurable sense of anticipation makes me impatient with the slow ticking of the clock. These long grey winter afternoons seem longer than usual now that one uses coal by the lump rather than by the shovelful, and that, when one goes out, public transportation has become a matter of patience rewarded by overcrowding!

It must not be thought that this favourite publet of mine is only a snacker. One can also order a full course meal that will be served with deft rapidity, but it is the snackists that arouse interest and entertainment. Since the place is of Americanized-European persuasion the waiters never look pained at whatever strange combination of foods and drinks are ordered. Without blenching they will serve tomato juice with a chocolate sundae, or *café au lait* with a Welsh rarebit.

MY own simple taste running to dry-martini-and-club-sandwich, I watch other people deal with gastronomic phenomena. The clientele is young and definitely cosmopolitan. The French element is composed of belated shoppers, mannequins from the many neighbouring houses of *haute couture* and their youthful swains. I imagine that they meet their more official escorts elsewhere. There are many groups of youngsters; the girls with their fancifully tailored legs twisted round the high stools at the bar, the boys seated at the little corner tables, elbows and knees touching, and there are all the cinema fans, eager to catch the eight o'clock showing of the film-of-the-moment.

AT the moment the film to see is *Mitsou*, adapted from Colette's enchanting novel of the same name. It is the story of a little revue actress of small account, whose youth, naïveté and enjoyment of life delight an elderly admirer for whom she has a mere carefree affection. The advent of a handsome young lieutenant in the horizon blue of 1914-18 (the novel was written in 1919) changes her outlook!

It is this change of heart that Colette treats with her profound understanding of a certain feminine, unmoral—but touching—psychology. Danièle Delorme, who will be remembered in the screen version of *Gigi*, is an adorable Mitsou. After a triumphal first showing of the film she was heard to say, "I think people are pleased. They all said nice things about the way I've played. When they don't like what I do or the story doesn't please them they just say: 'What pretty frocks *ma chérie*, and . . . er . . . how are the children?'" The children are Danièle's own little son and several nephews and nieces she has adopted.

DOCTOR FERNAND MERY's last book has become a best-seller. He has written *Ames De Bêtes*, *Ici Les Bêtes* and now *Sa Majesté Le Chat*. Colette, who was a great animal lover, used to say that Paris was a "Buchenwald for cats." Thanks to Fernand Méry, Paris is becoming no worse than any other big town, and by this I mean that big towns are never a really happy dwelling-place for domestic animals. Dr. Méry has taught those good people, who have more heart than good sense, how to care for their pets and treat them with understanding and he has helped poor animal lovers by getting the dog tax repealed.

He will take as much time and trouble over a mongrel as a prize Peke, but it is inevitable that most of the celebrated dogs and cats of Paris have been through his hands: Yvonne Printemps and Pierre Fresnay's fox terriers, Cécile Sorel's Chows, Madeleine Renaud's prize Persians, Picasso's St. Bernard and J. G. Domergue's Salukis, to name but a few.

Have I a dog? Of course I have, but I never write about her. She is a Skye. Other Skye owners will sympathize. If I started I would never stop.

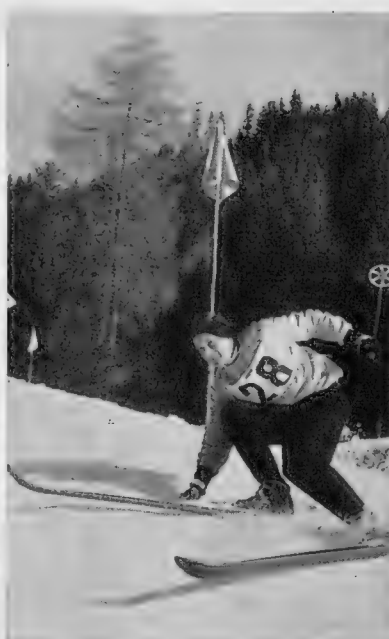
Maison de pudeur

• *Snail family meets Slug family:*

Mama Snail: "Look the other way children. Nudists!!!"



AT DAVOS promising young skiers, competed in the British Junior Ski Championships. The girls' event was won by Elspeth Nicoll (above) who is at school at Chatelard, and a sixteen-year-old Etonian, Charles Palmer-Tomkinson, whose father was a brilliant skier, won the Boys' Championship in great style



THE CRESTA RUN is a scene of excitement for sportsmen of all ages. Winston Churchill (above), Mr. Randolph Churchill's son, awaits his turn. The Marquis de Portago (right), famed as a racing driver, of the Spanish bobteam





Betty Swaebe

Diana de Waldner and dog Toby share the warmth of a log fire

THIS delightful photograph of Diana de Waldner with her dog Toby expresses the snugness that all seek at this season. It was taken in the Paris home in the Bois de Boulogne of her parents, Baron and Baronne Geoffrey de Waldner. Near the capital they have an extensive stud farm where they breed racehorses

At the Theatre

THEY REMEMBERED MAMA



"MRS. GIBBONS' BOYS" (Westminster Theatre) are all jailbirds, bless 'em. At the hilarious breakfast scene, two (top left, Frederick Jaeger, and right, Lee Montague) and a comrade, George Margo (standing), breaking jail to see Mom (Avice Landone), hold her suitor, Eric House (left middle) captive. She looks on enchanted by their ways, while (below) Brian Weske is segregated in the interests of probation. Drawings by Glan Williams, who will henceforth regularly illustrate the Theatre article

THE American Ma, by some accident of social history, enjoys an effortless superiority over her sisters in older civilizations. She is the acknowledged head of her own house; and all good American boys, while keeping a watchful eye on the old man, tumble over themselves to show that they are worthy of their mothers' love. So unassailable is her enviable position that she is obviously ripe for satirical treatment, and in *Mrs. Gibbons' Boys* at the Westminster she is given the works good and proper.

This comedy is the Windsor Theatre Royal's second contribution to the West End in under a month, and a very happy discovery it is. Mrs. Gibbons is a widow whose gentle disposition has much attracted the chief cashier of the Gas Company, an upright little man who is about to become the proud recipient of a gold medal for long and loyal service to the company, and the courtship is coming along nicely.

It is axiomatic that in an American comedy of this kind it counts as a decided point in the widow's favour that she is always talking about her three wonderful sons, and the little man looks forward to taking his place in the happy family as their second father. He does not know, as we know, that the mother-love he is so ready to reverence splendidly survives the boys' mounting criminal records. Two of them, by a miscarriage of justice too absurd for any but the ill-natured to deny, are in gaol, but Mrs. Gibbons is serenely certain that they are doing well there, as they would do anywhere. The third is only at the beginning of his career, but already he is on probation, which shows that he is as high spirited as any of his brothers and is bound to be a success.

IT might seem a crushing blow to Mrs. Gibbons' fond hope of marrying for the second time when her two convict sons arrive home unexpectedly. They are still in prison clothes, and they are accompanied by a great ape of a man, nicknamed "Horse," waving a gun. But the widow, who has at that very moment prettily granted the little cashier his heart's desire, is not in the least embarrassed.

Far from it: she is simply delighted that her dear boys have broken gaol and only a little disconcerted to hear that they made their getaway in a garbage can, which is no sort of conveyance for sons of hers to use in any circumstances. But as a mother she sees clearly that the youngest son whose probation requires that he should not habituate the haunts of known felons must be protected from casual intercourse with his experienced brothers. She accordingly arranges for him to take his cereals on a sofa, and any high-spirited interjections the boy happens to make she herself formally conveys to the breakfast table. The thoughtful arrangement sometimes breaks down violently, but on the whole it works.

A great part of the fun in this comedy depends on the simplicity with which the player of Mrs. Gibbons conveys that though the authors are magnifying mother-love to the point of absurdity, the lady herself is completely unconscious of being in the least degree absurd. Her reactions in somewhat trying conditions are those of any good American mother. She knows her own boys better than any stupid magistrates can ever do, and she knows there is no harm in them.

MISS AVICE LANDONE manages this artless innocence quite beautifully. She is deliciously absurd in her seriousness. When things get rough, as they do when the boys begin to look about for money to carry them to a safer place than their own home, she finds some difficulty in dominating one or two of the wild situations, but she never altogether loses control. And when the farce has played itself out and a return is made to comedy she is once more in full control of things. Mrs. Gibbons herself has been put into some danger of incarceration, but such a danger is naturally too much for mother-worshipping criminals. "Aw, Ma, we wouldn't want to see you tossed in the can," says one of them. "Oh, Francis," Mrs. Gibbons replies proudly, "I'll never forget those sweet words!" And meekly back to the can the boys go, a credit to any mother.

They have been enormous fun as played by Mr. Frederick Jaeger, Mr. Lee Montague and Mr. George Margo as "Horse." So has the little cashier played flawlessly by Mr. Eric House, and there has also been Miss Mary Kerridge as Mrs. Gibbons' flashy sister to put the ape-man into melting mood whenever it seemed that his cue was for rumbustious violence.

—Anthony Cookman



David Sim

**GERALDINE McEWAN TO PLAY
IN "MEMBER OF THE WEDDING"**

GERALDINE McEWAN, that enchanting young actress, is playing Frankie, the part of the over-imaginative and motherless young girl in "The Member Of The Wedding," which will be presented by the English Stage Company at the Royal Court Theatre on February 5. The play, by the American author Carson McCullers, is based on her remarkable novel

A WEDDING THAT LIT THE WINTER'S GLOOM

ST. PAUL'S, Knightsbridge was the scene of the wedding of Mlle. Sybille de Simard de Pitray, daughter of Mme. Jeanine Hennessy, to the Hon. Robin Johnstone, son of Lord and Lady Derwent. A reception was held afterwards at the Hyde Park Hotel. Several guests from France were among the three hundred people who attended the wedding. Left: The bride and bridegroom at the reception. Jennifer describes the event on pp. 130-1

*Photographs by
Desmond O'Neill*

*Lady Cuninghame and Mrs. Gavin
Welby at the reception*



*Gen. Sir Ivor Thomas, G.C.B., K.B.E.,
D.S.O., M.C., and Lady Thomas*





M. Gelineaux de Parsac who gave the bride away and Mme. G. de Parsac

La Stamp and Miss Susan Train, who are both American by birth



Lord and Lady Derwent, the bridegroom's parents, with Mme. Jeanine Hennessy, mother of the bride



Mr. Stephen Robinson and Mrs. Robinson were among the guests



Mr. Derek Stanley Smith and Mrs. Stanley Smith were also present



Miss Alison Harris, Mr. John Jourdan and Mrs. Jourdan

Miss Gill Faughan-Hudson, Miss Julie Faughan-Hudson and Mr. R. Rimington-Wilson





THE ROMANCE and prewar colour of Hungary are typified by the picturesque characters above, prominent in *Hortobágy*

GINGER ROGERS is the well-meaning and anxious mother of a mixed-up kid (Betty Lou Keim) in *Teenage Rebel*



RAY MILLAND (left above) plays, in *Lisbon*, Capt. Robert John Evans who gets involved in smuggling and danger

At the Pictures

MISS ROGERS CHEATS TIME

WHEN Miss Ginger Rogers came to London with M. Jacques de Bergerac, the handsome husband she had recently acquired, the ladies and gentlemen of the press flocked about this adorable actress asking questions of a tactlessness to make your hair curl. "But Miss Rogers," cooed one little cub reporter, "do you *really* think it's a good thing to marry a man so much younger than yourself?" Miss Rogers looked somewhat taken aback, as well she might be at this gratuitous piece of impudence. "Well . . . er . . . I mean, I *did* it, didn't I?" she said, hesitantly—adding stoutly: "I mean, yes—I think it's a *very* good thing."

Looking at Miss Rogers in *Teenage Rebel*, I feel she was absolutely right: at least, *something* has made it possible for her to defy and defeat the advancing years, and I am inclined to believe her marriage supplies the answer. At forty-five, Miss Rogers is so radiantly youthful . . . it is quite incredible that I first saw her in *Forty-second Street*, in 1932. Miss Rogers is a marvel—and in her latest film she achieves the miraculous: she gives a brief demonstration of "rock 'n roll" which reveals that, instead of being an exercise in which contortionists only may safely indulge, this dance form can be an elegant recreation.

In *Teenage Rebel* she plays a woman who, eight years before the picture opens, deserted her husband and seven-year-old daughter and ran off with Mr. Michael Rennie, whom she has since married. Her first husband was awarded the custody of the child and, by sending the poor thing to schools in Europe, has



BELINDA LEE, the twenty-one year old Rank star who believes that glamour may lead to success but is equally likely to end in a cul-de-sac, has her first dramatic role in the new Pinewood thriller *The Secret Place*. She plays an East End girl whose longing to get away from her drab surroundings involves her in a jewel robbery

successfully and maliciously evaded his legal obligation to let her spend three weeks every year with her mother. Suddenly, for reasons of his own, her former husband packs the reluctant girl (Miss Betty Lou Keim), now fifteen years old, off to stay with Miss Rogers and her new husband.

Miss Rogers welcomes her darling daughter with open arms and is severely snubbed for her pains. "Don't call me that," says the chit frostily when her mother uses the pet-name of her childhood: "I hate nicknames—it's one of my quirks." It is obvious that she cordially dislikes her mother. This, Miss Rogers feels guiltily, is perhaps understandable: what worries her is that the girl seems to dislike everybody else, too. Will she ever be able to humanize her and win her affection?

With patience, a little imagination and the assistance of two lively teenage neighbours (Miss Diane Jergens and Mr. Warren Berlinger) she manages. It seems there is no psychological problem of American adolescence that cannot be cured by a slight crush on the brash boy next door, a new party frock and a spot of "rock 'n' roll." Well, at any rate, I was glad to be spared the psychiatrist's couch and all the mumbo-jumbo that goes with it.

This is not a very profound film, but Miss Rogers, warm, tender and perplexed, makes it a quite touching one. The teenagers and their prattle seem to me to have been admirably caught

MR. GEORGE HOELLERING's beautiful documentary, *Hortobagy*, made in 1935 and banned in this country, until 1945, has been revived—and must not be missed. It deals with the life of the "Czikos," a Hungarian peasant aristocracy of hardy herdsmen who once grazed their magnificent horses, cattle and sheep on the Puszta—the great plain of Hungary, which is now no more than a vast and empty wasteland.

An enthralling picture has been built up out of everyday

incidents: a foal is born (for this sequence the film was withheld from us for ten years), the Czikos in their fine embroidered cloaks—and using, incidentally, saddles without girths—ride across the plain driving their huge herds of horses before them to market, peasants dance and sing at a village fair, romance blossoms between two young people, an attempt at drilling for oil ends in near-tragedy. It is all wonderfully simple and curiously moving. It is, of course, a record of a life that has gone for ever.

THE credit titles on *Lisbon* informed me that this piece was produced by Mr. R. A. Milland, directed by Mr. R. Milland and stars Mr. Ray Milland. Without pausing to ask: "How coy can you get?" I rush to the conclusion that Mr. Milland has provided himself with the sort of role which he feels eminently suits him. He is, of course, entitled to his opinion.

He plays an adventurous American who has a speedboat and has taken up smuggling partly for profit and partly for the hell of it. At Lisbon—a city that looks rapturously gay and lovely in Trucolor—he entangles himself with Mr. Claude Rains, a smooth Greek crook, and Miss Maureen O'Hara, a highly susceptible and oncoming redhead. Mr. Rains is engaged in smuggling Miss O'Hara's multi-millionaire husband out of some Iron Curtain country and needs Mr. Milland's help. Miss O'Hara seems eager to have her hubby back—but after one look at Mr. Milland decides that she'd prefer to have him back dead, so that she can claim his money and wed Mr. Milland.

I need hardly tell you that Mr. Milland, though willing to cheat the Customs, draws the line at murder. I admit that Mr. Milland looks very fetching in a yachting cap and it's nice for him that all the women fall for him on sight—but as a vehicle for his talents, give me *The Lost Weekend* any day.

—*Elsbeth Grant*

Book Reviews

KNAVERY IN ESSEX

THE autobiography of Superintendent G. H. Totterdell, C.I.D., of the Essex County Police, **Country Copper** (Harrap, 15s.) richly rewards attention. We have had nothing quite of the kind before—several books have been written by authorities in the Metropolitan Police, but not one, till now, has come from the County Constabularies. Their problems are, like their approach, their own—and no less of interest to us. Dr. Francis Camps, who here contributes a foreword, first met Superintendent Totterdell when they worked together, and can compute the value of his material. Dr. Camps has been therefore among the friends who encouraged the writing of "Tot's" life story. Retired, the author sees the whole in perspective. His well-known collection of Essex cases has been embodied into sustained narrative.

The result makes good reading in more than one way. The book, though totally unselfconscious, is at the same time stamped with the author's character and by his devotion to his calling. "Nothing is too much trouble," is more than a saying; it can be felt to be this man's professional philosophy. Here, in case after case, we study the workings of basic investigation, from A to Z—patient, thorough and without thought for the limelight. And here, again, is a countryman working in his own country (Superintendent Totterdell was Essex-born). "Knowledge of local conditions"—how much that comprehends! In his long years of service he was to see many changes, alike in the Force and in Essex—which today demonstrates, as a region, striking contrasts; primitive ruralism on one hand, outward-growing suburbia on the other. Infiltration by London (as chapters show) has not been for the county an unmixed blessing.

"I WAS born," *Country Copper* opens, "to be a copper." At the time of G. H. Totterdell's birth, on July 2, 1892, his father was village policeman at Eastwood. Totterdell senior entered the Force when fairly far on in life. Sinister dangers (not discussed with the children) attended the exercise of the good man's duties: Victorian rural England was far from being the paradise it may now appear. One excellent freedom, however, the police had—the discretionary handling of young wrongdoers. Call it a timely nip-in-the-bud.

There was trouble at times with the village boys and lads. The phrase "juvenile delinquency" and the odious word "teen-ager" were unknown in those days. But a policeman could deal with that trouble on the spot. There was no Home Office directorate then instructing him to report a youthful delinquent. It was summary jurisdiction with a cuff over the head or a judicious cut with a belt. . . . I cannot but regret the passing of the days when it was left to a police officer to use his discretion on the spot and at the moment. There was no real harm in Ginger. The matter was over and done with. It was never repeated. . . . Twenty-five years later, when the Home Office, for reasons I shall give when the time comes, decided that *all* felonies, regardless of the age of the miscreant, must be officially reported, Ginger's childish action would have put him in a class with an adult lawbreaker. He would have been "logged" as a transgressor, and the seed of a later juvenile delinquent would have been sown.

SOME of the best of the stories in *Country Copper* attach to obscure, long-forgotten cases—humanly interesting, picturesque or curious. And to these, rightly, the author allots space, not letting them be eclipsed by the "headliners." This *could* have happened, for Essex has had its share (rather more, indeed) of sensational, lurid crime. Superintendent Totterdell gives us the inside view on the Pamela Coventry murder, the Birch taxi-cab murder and the world-famous Setty case. As absorbing to follow, and less gruesome, are his investigations of the "Flannel-Foot" robberies. Also, as it happened, he was the friend, and one-time colleague, of ill-fated P.C. Gutteridge.

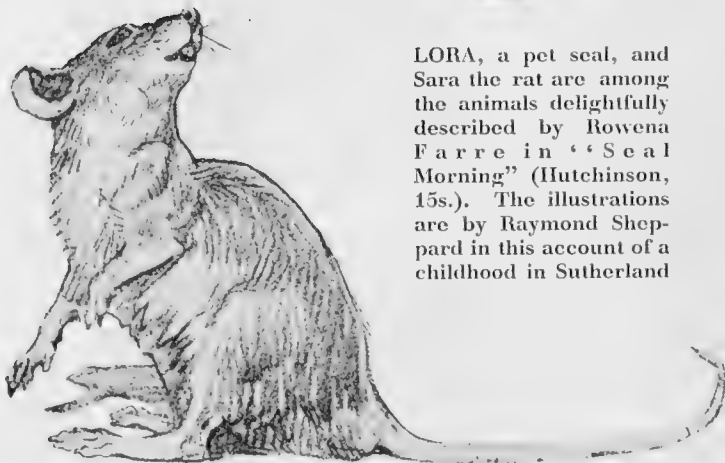
Praise should go (among other things) to the storytelling. "Arson On Wallasea Island," "The Billericay Forgery Case" and "Long-Firm Frauds" (with that silver-fox-furred lady) have a Sherlock-Holmes-like atmosphere and flavour. The racecourse "Clean-up" chapter is tense and bracing; full-blooded enough is "Rough House In Romford." *Country Copper* is many-sided: sterling in tone and outlook, it should appeal to all, or to almost all, types of reader.



A LITTLE DONKEY and its young master are the heroes of "Bim" by Albert Lamorrisse (Putnam, 11s.), a story told mainly in photographs



LORA, a pet seal, and Sara the rat are among the animals delightfully described by Rowena Farre in "Seal Morning" (Hutchinson, 15s.). The illustrations are by Raymond Sheppard in this account of a childhood in Sutherland





THE AMERICAN MASTODON, and other semi-fabulous creatures figure in "Mermaids and Mastodons" by Richard Carrington (Chatto and Windus, 25s.)

AN early work of France's majestic novelist, Francois Mauriac, *Lines Of Life* (12s. 6d.) is now published by Eyre and Spottiswoode. *Destins* was the title he gave it; the English version comes from Mauriac's gifted translator Gerard Hopkins. Set, like most of this master's work, in the Garonne country, this moving, dramatic and dire story deals with a château family and their village neighbours. The month is September, on the eve of the vintage. At Viridis, among the blue-sprayed vines, rules widowed Elizabeth Gornac, with, in the background, her austere father-in-law. Her one son, Pierre, a difficult young fanatic, goes and comes.

Only nominal is the bond between son and mother. The real disturber of Mme. Gornac's peace is Bob Lagave, a youth of more charm than is good for anyone—including, tragically, himself. In Paris, where he lives with his self-made father, Bob has thrown off all trace of his village origin—in his grandmother's Viridis cottage he feels a stranger. Here, when the story opens, he is staying, to recuperate after a nearly-fatal attack of pleurisy brought on by one of his typical escapades. It is natural that the boy should drift to the château, for "only in Elizabeth's company could Bob breathe freely in this out of the way spot. The poisonous atmosphere of adoration which his Paris friends had provided had become more necessary to him than he knew."

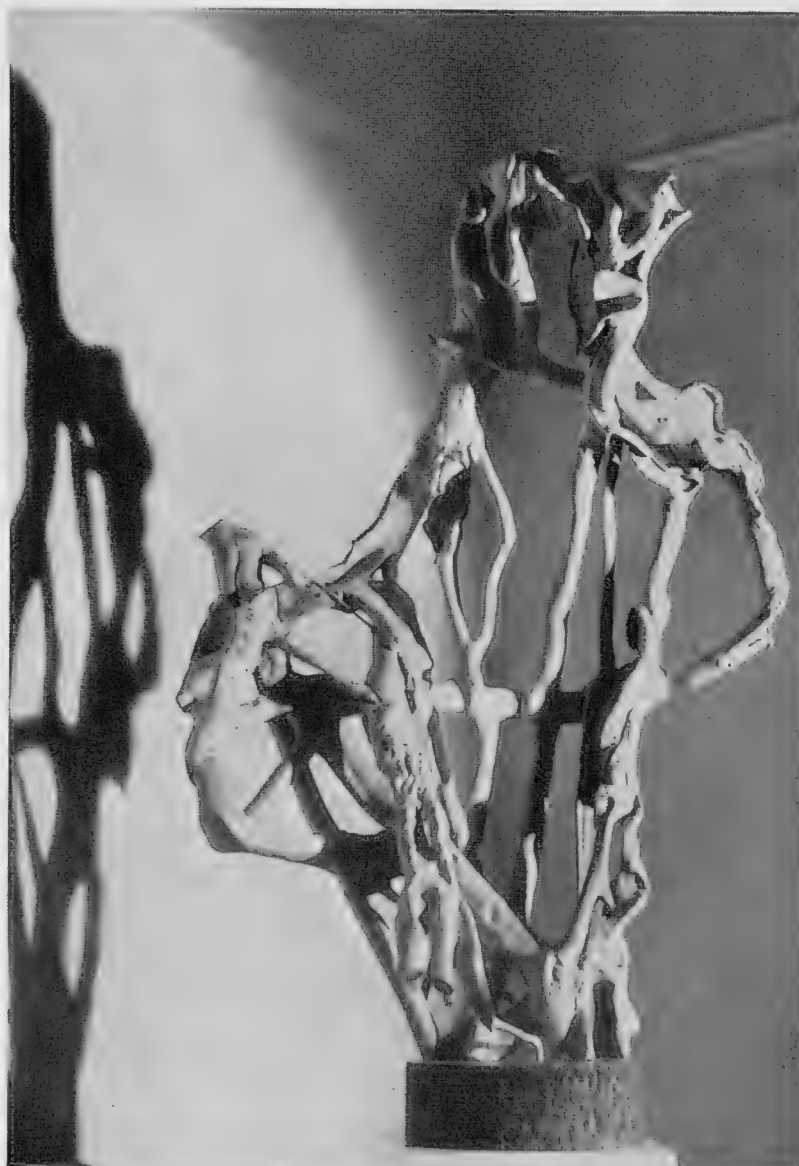
BUT in that Paris "poisonous atmosphere," what exactly had happened? Paula de la Sesque, a young girl frankly in love, follows Bob to Viridis. Late at night, the two announce their engagement. Naïvely, Mme. de Gornac acquaints her son Pierre (who has made a sudden return) with what she believes to be innocent, charming news. Pierre's reaction and the action he takes are terrible—Bob, he hints, is fit to be no girl's husband. Finally, challenged by Paula, he tells her why. To us (that is, the readers) the nature of the charges is not revealed. We may exercise our speculation as we will.

The most acute drama of *Lines Of Life* takes place within Elizabeth Gornac—one of those middle-aged women M. Mauriac draws with, alternately, pitilessness and pity. Paula's horrified flight after Pierre's disclosure leaves Mme. Gornac alone with Bob, prey to feelings she dare not understand. And what of Pierre, would-be priest and tormented character? The story's climax is to lay bare his soul. . . . Francois Mauriac is an unsparing novelist; yet somehow he gives humanity full proportion. You should not by any means miss this fine, if imperfect, example of his art.

—Elizabeth Bowen



LIONS AND TIGERS fiercely punctuate "My Turn Next" (Museum Press, 18s.), the life story of the great wild animal trainer Roman Proske



"THE MOSAIC OF LIFE," a tree root found in Kanwood by artist Stefan Knapp; from his autobiography, "The Square Sun" (Museum Press, 18s.)



Fashions by
Isobel Vicomtesse
d'Orthez

SPRING DOUBLE

FROM Miss Terry of Beau-
champ Place come two
delightful outfits. Left: A loose
manish collared coat in black
and white check ottoman worn
over a sleeveless dress in black
washable Irish linen with a
cummerbund to match the coat,
15½ gns.; feathered hat,
£4 19s. 6d. Right: Dress and
coat in pale lime-coloured dull
woven washable rayon. The
dress is sleeveless with a
squared, buttoned neckline, and
belted at the waist; the coat is
narrow and straight with deep
side vents, 10½ gns. Wide-
brimmed hat, £4 19s. 6d.

Photographs by
Michel Molinari





THE short evening dress (above), in a delicate pink rayon matelasse, has a pleated bodice with a navy band under the bust continuing into shoulder straps. With it (not shown) comes a short jacket with long sleeves. 17½ gns. from Miss Terry of Beauchamp Place. Right: A slim dress in black French moire with a draped skirt sweeping to a side bustle, one shoulder strap diamante, the other sleeved. From Peter Tyler at Septimus, price 45 gns.



WHEN IT'S COCKTAIL PARTY TIME

OR A DATE TO DINE AND DANCE

A STRAPLESS dress by Anne Gerrard, 27 Bruton Street, (left) is made of pale blue peau de soie, cut on princess lines. The skirt is delicately embroidered with pink seed pearls, roses and ribbon. Price 52 gns. Below: A narrow sheath dress by Polly Peck in silver-blue satin; it has a straight chemise top and is encrusted with beaded loops. 15 gns. at Harvey Nichols Little Shop





Michel Molinare



The hat is still a



THIS year's spring hats, judging from the new collections, are going to be more delightful and extravagant than ever. The trend is still for the high crowned heavy-look with many wide brimmed shapes and large berets being shown. East to west line is this wide brimmed, heavy crowned hat (top left) in pure silk Paisley satin with black satin trimming. Next to it is an enchanting pillbox toque of shaded pink silk petals with a fine mask of veiling. Both hats by Gina Davies, from Marshall and Snelgrove and Dalys of Glasgow. The heavy-look hat (above), in multi-coloured striped shantung, has a petersham band and a bow of bright green. Right, a cloche with a high funnel shaped crown folding down at one side: white straw fabric with outsize spots embroidered in black. Bottom left, Breugel beret in a navy straw and white silk straw fabric. All three hats by Rudolf



conscious crown



INTO the new season comes last year's practical and attractive favourite, the dress and jacket. In navy wool georgette, the dress is slim and gently moulded with tiny half sleeves and a wide neck, slotted and draped over the shoulders; the dress and fitted jacket, lined with taffeta, is 19½ gns. With it is worn an enchanting pink petal hat in velvet and silk, £4 19s. 6d.; large graduating pearls by Adrien Mann, 39s. 6d. All are from Miss Terry of 53 Beauchamp Place

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

BACKING A WINNING COMBINATION



These swirling tubby candlesticks were created by Baccarat and cost £10 10s. a pair from Harrods



A lambent sparkle

ON these pages are some more examples of the fine work being created by the great names in glass-making. These glasses, vases and bowls show a modern approach in design and line which in no way detracts from the clear translucence which is one of the greatest beauties of glassware — JEAN CLELAND

This "freeform" flower bowl by Daum has a shape which helps imaginative flower arrangement, £14 17s. 6d., Harrods

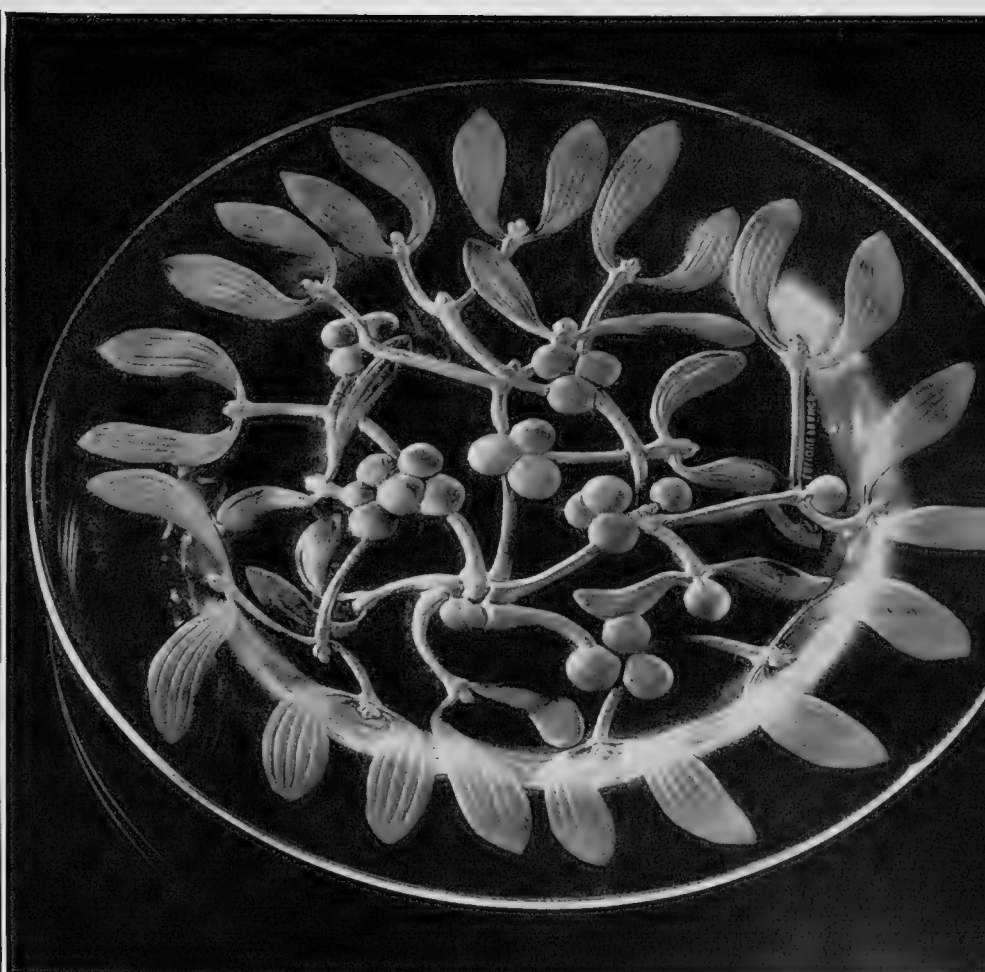


A vase by Lalique which has the appearance of ice cut in jagged peaks, giving it the name "Everest." £48, Harrods





Two Burgundy glasses for the connoisseur of wine by Baccarat which cost £2 14s. each obtainable at Harrods



Dennis Sm

This plate by Lalique is finely cut with an intricate and attractive design of mistletoe. £5 5s. at Harrods



Fruit or flowers look equally decorative as a centrepiece on a table in this "freeform" bowl designed by Daum; price £27 10s., also from Harrods



Beauty

The essential art

Jean Cleland

OVER many years I have discussed the gentle art of maquillage with some of the world's greatest experts. I have seen it used to beautify the stars of stage and screen, to re-shape and re-model a number of faces, to disguise blemishes, to tone down features that are bad, and highlight others that are good.

Make-up is an art with infinite possibilities. It imparts an added radiance to the young, and gives "first-aid" to those who, in later years, feel the need of a little help. Used with skill and discretion, it is an enchanting facet of feminine guile.

Why more women do not make better use of make-up is hard to understand. There are a comparative few who do not need it—practically negligible as the years advance—a fair number who use it skilfully and becomingly, others who, in making themselves up, let themselves down, and the rest who do not use it at all. Of the last group, one recently remarked to a famous beauty expert with extreme complacency, "I have never used a scrap of make-up of any kind in my whole life." The expert, stung to exasperation by the smug tone, replied: "Madame, you had no need to tell me." Later, when we were alone, she said a little ruefully, "I am sorry to have seemed rude, but that is the kind of remark that riles me beyond endurance. If a woman does not care to use make-up, that is her affair, but for goodness' sake, why so proud?"

A FEW days ago I again watched a famous expert demonstrating make-up on two entirely different faces. One was plump and round with a slightly oily skin. The other was long and thin with a dry skin. Both were rather colourless, and quite unremarkable. You would never have looked twice at them, until this master of make-up got to work. Then what a different story. The way those faces came to life was something that had to be seen to be believed. Not that the make-up was extreme or heavy. On the contrary, it was exquisitely subtle, and applied with the lightest touch. Yet it gave accent to the features, and created a vitality and a soft radiance infinitely flattering to each type.

AT the end of the demonstration, I talked with the expert, and although he told me little that I had not heard before, he stressed certain points which may well be helpful to those who are interested in this art of make-up.

Always be sure that the face has been freshly cleansed before starting to make-up. Remove any trace of grease with tonic, and leave the skin slightly moist. Take care that the foundation you choose is right for your particular type of skin. As a general rule, one would advise a



Dennis Smith
This delightful beauty case, with a soft zippered top, fitted with two plastic jars and two plastic bottles, is in natural colour piped with café-au-lait. It costs £2 15s. at Marshall & Snelgrove

cream for a dry skin, and a liquid for an oily one. For evenings, and any special occasions, liquid can be used for either type, as this gives a very fine finish.

The best way of applying a cream foundation is to dot it over the face in tiny spots, then blend it in until it is quite evenly distributed. Liquid foundation should be applied on cotton wool previously wrung out in cold water, and then worked well into the skin with the finger tips. The more quickly this is done the better, as if it starts to dry it is apt to go streaky. Never use too much foundation—either cream or liquid—and always blot the face with a paper tissue to remove any surplus grease and leave a completely matt surface before proceeding with the make-up.

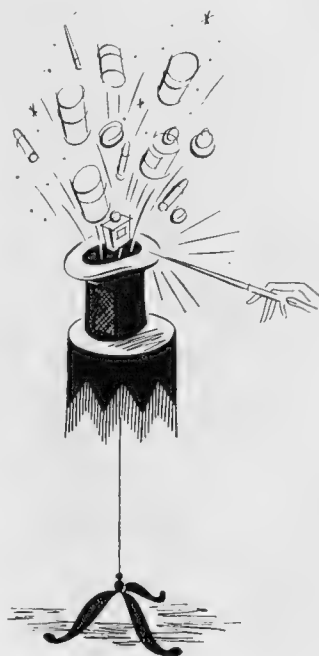
EITHER cream or liquid rouge give a very natural effect if applied sparingly and with care. Dry rouge is best used for the purpose of touching up, if at any time a little extra colour is needed during the day or evening. If the cream rouge seems difficult to apply, put just the slightest touch of cleansing cream on the finger tips. With this, the colour can be easily worked in, and evenly distributed. To obtain a soft finish and ensure that no hard edges are visible, rub lightly over the rouge before powdering with a little pad of cotton wool.

Apply powder lavishly, and press it into the skin, then dust off the surplus with a fresh puff or some cotton wool. If the face is plump, and you want to thin it down, use a darker shade of powder on the outside of each cheek from the ear to the chin. The same method can be used for diminishing the look of any feature, such as a big nose or a square jaw.

For the best kind of "lip service" apply the lipstick with a small paintbrush. Blot the first coat and apply a second. Finish by outlining the mouth with a lip pencil. This gives a nicely defined curve.

For deep-set eyes, keep the eye shadow close to the edge of the lids. Conversely, for eyes that are inclined to be prominent, blend the shadow softly all over the lids. To ensure that the lashes do not clog when applying mascara, wash the little eyelash brush out in hot water each time before use.

Some people undoubtedly find it difficult to use mascara successfully, especially if their lashes are inclined to be scanty and rather short. Their best plan is to have the lashes dyed. This lasts for some time, and is quite safe if you go to a reputable salon, where a test is taken beforehand and every care is taken. It saves a great deal of time and trouble at your dressing-table before important occasions.





Lenore

Miss Jean Methuen-Campbell, younger daughter of the Hon. Laurence Methuen-Campbell, of Greenham Barton, Wellington, Somerset, and the late Hon. Mrs. Methuen-Campbell, is to marry the Hon. Cecil Law, younger son of the late Major Lord Ellenborough, and Dorothy Lady Ellenborough of Ashley Gdns., S.W.1

THEY ARE ENGAGED



Miss Judith Mary Allan, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. A. J. W. Allan, of Chester Row, London, S.W.1, has recently become engaged to Mr. John Hugh Ridpath, son of the late Mr. Guy Ridpath, and of Mrs. C. Ridpath, of Buckingham Palace Mansions, S.W.1



Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Jane Hawke, eldest daughter of the Hon. J. S. T. Hawke, of Old Mill House, Cuddington, Cheshire, and Mrs. Alec Mason, of Tannington Place, Woodbridge, is to marry Mr. John Norris Fennell, elder son of Col. and Mrs. H. P. Fennell, of Hove, Sussex

Pearl Freeman



Miss Felicity Anne Graham Roberts, eldest daughter of Mr. F. Graham Roberts, O.B.E., and Mrs. Graham Roberts, of Arrathorne, Tadworth, Surrey, is to marry Mr. Edward Peter Ecroyd, son of the late Mr. W. E. B. Ecroyd, and of Mrs. Ecroyd, of Armathwaite, Cumberland

Do you dread the cold weather?

Have you found yourself—lately—feeling the cold perhaps more than you used to? Ever caught yourself thinking that keeping warm was hard enough, but staying smart as well was an uphill struggle? If you have, there's a new kind of nylons in the shops which you ought to look at—Crepe nylons. They have great warmth and comfort: they really do protect your feet and ankles from the cold. At the same time, while they aren't transparent, they have a sleek clinging fit that flatters your legs, and all nylon's springy resistance to everyday stresses and strains. They do cost a little more than ordinary nylons—but they're well worth it.



for warm good looks

crepe

Nylons



In smooth crepe or lace-knit—have you seen them?



Nicolson—Hewson. At St. Michael's, Chester Square, Mr. John G. H. Nicolson, son of Mr. Guy W. H. Nicolson, M.C., and Mrs. Nicolson, of Johannesburg, married Miss Jean Hewson, daughter of Mr. A. Stuart Hewson, M.B.E., and Mrs. Hewson, of De Vere Cottages, W.8



Markland—Davies. The wedding took place at Dormington, Herefordshire, of Mr. John Markland, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Markland, of Burwood, Shaw Hill, Chorley, Lancashire, and Miss Joan Davies, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. T. D. Davies, of Claston Farm, Dormington



RECENTLY MARRIED



Crosthwaite — Shackel. Capt. Ronald Maitland Crosthwaite, R.A., son of Sir Bertram and Lady Crosthwaite, of Hill Lodge, Eastbourne, married Miss Alice J. Shackel, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. E. M. Shackel, of Erleigh, Mayfield, Sussex, at St. Dunstan's Church, Mayfield

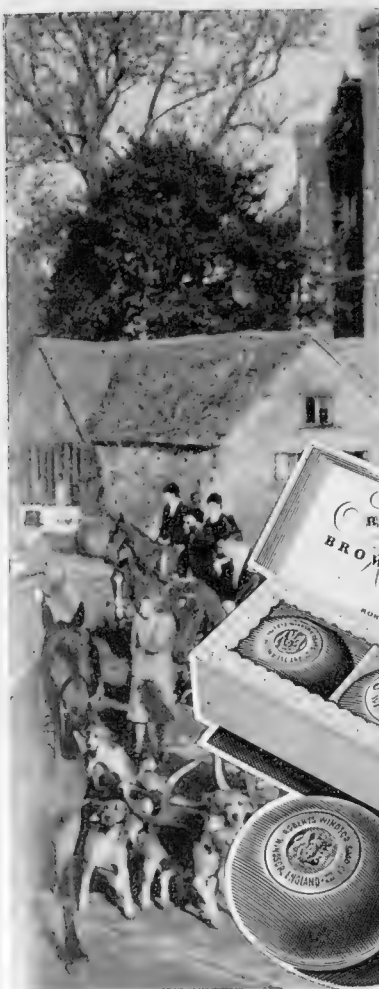


Hallsmith—Clark. Mr. Guthrie Harvey Hallsmith, younger son of Mrs. J. E. Hallsmith, of Holcombe, Dawlish, and Mr. G. Hallsmith, D.S.O., of St. Ives, Cornwall, married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, Miss Susan Meriel Clark, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. M. Clark, of Chelsea Park Gardens, S.W.3

Bertie—Farquhar-Oliver. Mr. Richard Henry Hubert Bertie, only son of Major the Hon. Arthur Bertie, D.S.O., M.C., of Crepping Hall, Sutton, Suffolk, and of the late Hon. Mrs. Bertie, married Miss Norah Elizabeth Farquhar-Oliver, younger daughter of Mr. Mark Oliver, of Edgerston, Jedburgh, and of Mrs. Roland Preece, of Kells House, Co. Kerry, at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street



Urquhart—Nicol. S/Ldr. David Urquhart, son of the late Mr. G. Urquhart and of Mrs. Urquhart, of Falkirk, Scotland, married Miss Phyllida Nicol, only daughter of Mr. W. G. Nicol, of Kipkabus, and Mrs. W. Harpur, of Mombasa, Kenya, at the Cathedral Church of All Saints, Nairobi, Kenya, East Africa



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July 27	ANDES	15 days	Sept 1	ANDES	21 days
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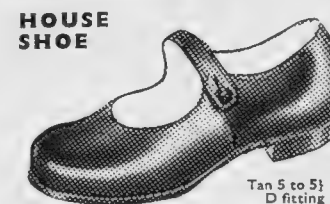
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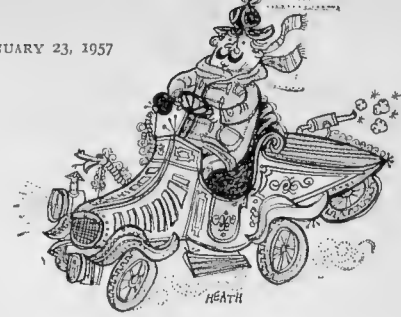
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Motoring

FAIR EXCHANGE, NO ROBBERY

Oliver Stewart



ALL authorities are agreed, as I write these notes, that there is to be, this year, the biggest Continental touring season for British motorists yet recorded. Silver City, who run the aeroplane car ferry, have lowered prices and are expecting heavy bookings. Townsend are expecting the Halladale to be kept busier than it has ever been. All who concern themselves with touring abroad predict a vast motoring exodus from the United Kingdom.

One obvious reason is that, although French motorists are finding petrol ever harder to come by, those who come to France from other countries will receive—not perhaps unlimited supplies, as one report suggested—but generous supplies. Most people will find that the fuel allowed them on arriving in France will permit them to cover a greater mileage than they normally do.

PRESUMABLY our own enlightened Government will accord the same kind of privileges to visitors. Thus we shall have the curious situation that Britain and France will be taking in each other's washing—or, at least, each other's motor car tourists. The touring industry in France is much too important in bringing in foreign currency to be allowed to decline if, by any means, enough fuel can be found to keep it going. I fear that the French motorist will suffer in order to enable the British motorist to circulate in his beautiful country.

Our situation here is less clear cut, for Britain is not such a popular touring ground for the French or, indeed, for anybody. There will be no need for the setting aside of large fuel supplies for people bringing their cars to England. Nevertheless, as I have said, I expect that some kind of provision for them will be made.

A friend visiting the United States has sent me a long commentary upon motoring there—upon driving methods and upon the cars. The powers which the engines of some of the latest machines are expected to produce are positively fantastic, with two hundred brake horse power already left far behind and the three hundreds in the sights of most manufacturers. These big engines must, however, do a great deal of work; much more work than British or Continental engines are asked to do.

FIRST they must lug through the streets an immense chassis with coachwork laid on with a trowel. Then they must give power for automatic transmission systems, for power steering and for other kinds of power assistance. The American car thus goes the way of all American products and gives the user a huge surplus of energy. The driver's muscles are spared all exercise while a reservoir of ample power waits on him, to be brought into use at a touch.

The American approach to motoring, of course, all comes back to oil. *Everything*, at the moment, comes back to oil! Because the source of power flows more readily in the United States than elsewhere, the American citizen always has more mechanical energy at his elbow.

The picture is made clear in motoring. Where the United States driver has vast quantities of power over and above that required for getting him about at a convenient speed, the British and the Continental driver must try to do with the least amount of power. It is not because the people of one country like big engines and those of the other like small engines; it is because, in the U.S., there is plenty of the stuff on which engines are run.

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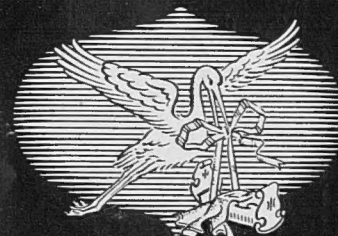
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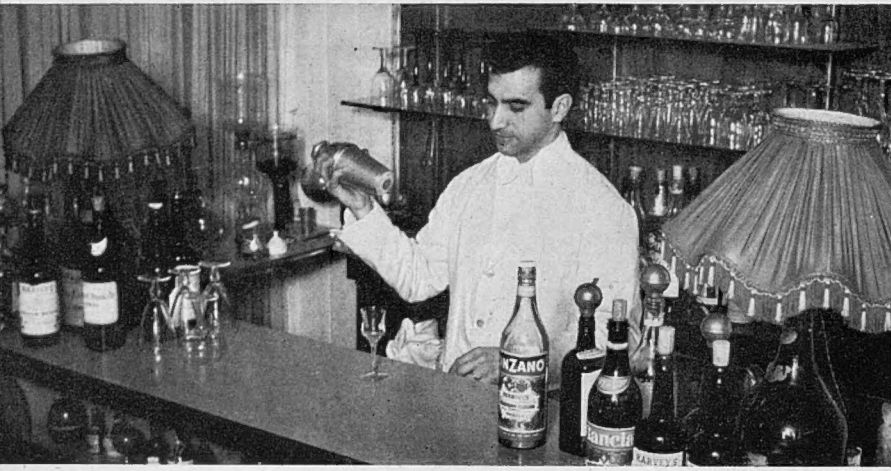
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Leon de Wynter

DINING OUT

Herring champions

RECENTLY I went to a lunch at Prunier's where the skippers and crews of the Silver Crest and the Stephens received from Madame Prunier the Prunier Trophy, which she presents each year for the boat which makes the largest haul of herring in the season. For the first time two boats tied for first place, each with a haul of 215 crans, a remarkable achievement and a source of great satisfaction to all concerned.

The Rt. Hon. Alan Lennox-Boyd, P.C., D.L., M.P., proposed the health of the winners after a lunch which appropriately enough included *Filets de Harengs Trophy*, and here is Mme. Prunier's recipe for this dish, an excellent variation on the "herring theme"—it was created in 1936 at the inauguration of the Trophy: "Fry fillets of herring in clarified butter, and serve them in this way. Two fillets on each plate, roughly chopped tomatoes tossed in butter on top, then another fillet to make a sandwich. Cover with a light Sauce Thermidor, and brown lightly." With this course we had Muscadet, a pleasant light white wine from the Loire.

"EXCELSIOR!" I said as I set off to examine "a barrel with a strange device" at the offices of Comptoir des Vins & Co. On arrival I found it was three barrels and three devices. The barrels held six gallons each and contained Red, White and Rosé wine and had been "open" for over two months with wine drawn from them via the tap by the glass, as required over that period, the air entering the barrel through a device which I can best describe as a glass (or plastic) jar with tubes and some sort of liquid in it. They claim that the wine—which is not treated in any way—will remain fresh for "about four months," which, of course, saves bottling costs and the problem of wine by the glass and half used bottles. The wines I tried, which can be described as French carafe wines, were certainly in good order.

THAT one can learn something new about something every day is patently true, but I am surprised that it should take me fifty-three years to learn the meaning of the word "vodka." This I learned at a party given to celebrate the fact that J. & W. Nicholson, the distillers, had made arrangements to import "Czar Alexander Vodka." The guest of honour was Baron Hans von Blanckenhagen-Allasch who owns the recipe; Czar Alexander created the first baron in the early part of the eighteenth century.

Disaster befell the family in the Russian revolution of 1905 and again in 1917 when the Germans blew up their castle and distillery. But this was not enough; in the last war the present baron found himself a prisoner of the Nazis until 1945, but he has survived and his vodka is now made in Amsterdam.

The baron's brother, who is a Professor of Archaeology at Chicago University and insists on calling himself Mr. Peter Blanckenhagen, made a speech, because, as he explained, his English is a bit better than that of his brother, and it was then that I learned that vodka means "little darling water," obviously so called because the Russians love their national drink so much. This appreciation of vodka is becoming infectious.

—I. Bickerstaff

DINING IN

Spice of adventure

TALKING to a man well past middle age at a cocktail party, all went well until someone gave away my professional name. He thereupon took another (and I must say more interested) look at me and started to tell me his ideas on cooking. It seems that he is a devoted cook—devoted to roast beef, roast lamb, grilled steaks and chops and the like. The meat must be of the very best quality and he argued that, the less you do to it, apart from cooking it, the better. "The older I get," he said, "the more plain I like my food." Alas! too true.

Of course, I agreed with him that all these cuts were perfect and could not be bettered, but pointed out that there seemed to be little excitement or adventure for the cook if, always, she went through the same routine, and the younger generation likes adventure not only in their lives but also in their food. In addition, the cost of a roast worth cooking and the best cuts of meat for grilling was pretty prohibitive these days, and women, I told him, were gradually turning to more Continental ways of preparing and cooking meats, not so much because they prefer such ways but because they reduce the price of eating and lead to greater variety. In such dishes, the main ingredient is used in small quantities.

We no longer relish buying an expensive sirloin or fore-rib joint, have it hot on Sunday, cold on Monday, cold again on Tuesday or hot in hashes, meat cakes or Shepherd's Pie (though I love it), week after week. There just is not the interest any more.

I suggested that a dish worth trying—one I used to like very much—was a very old North Country English dish: a "boiled" lightly pickled leg of pork with pease pudding and parsnips. At least once during the winter I used to give a party at which this was the main dish. But nowadays (in London at any rate) I cannot find a leg of pork of, say, seven pounds—the perfect size for a party of ten, with "pickings" left over.

In any case, the price of a leg makes it imperative in most families who like pork to cook a piece, hardly ever a leg. But why not buy a hand or foreleg of pork, ask the butcher to pickle it lightly, and use it in the same way? Then there is pickled belly or spring pork.

A FEW weeks ago, to "stretch" the cold turkey, I bought a very nice lean piece of this streaky cut, lightly pickled, tied it as nearly as I could into a round, and very gently simmered it (allowing 25 minutes to the pound) with nothing but a sprinkling of pepper as seasoning. When cold and untied, it kept its "round" right to the end. I must say that the cold turkey was the better for it and, as I had three pounds at 2s. 8d. a pound, I felt that it was really a bargain.

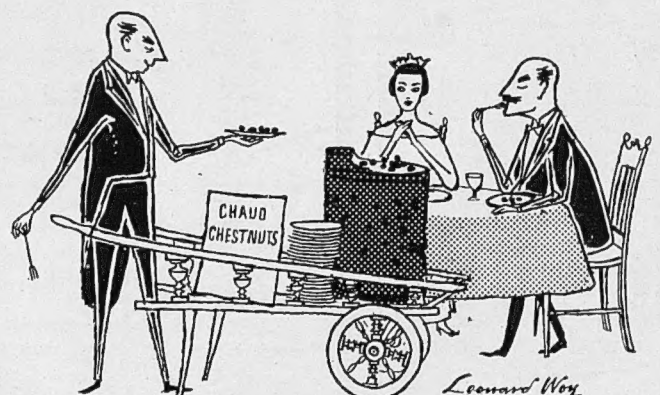
That cold pork came in very handy, indeed. It finished up, minced, with a minced shallot and mushroom stalks, a little tomato purée and boiled rice as a stuffing for those lovely "jumbo" green sweet peppers I already found in my market street.

The pease pudding takes time but, with so many people possessing pressure cookers, this is no problem. Well wash a pint or so of split peas and soak them in water overnight. Rinse and drain. Barely cover them with water in the pressure pan, bring them to 15 pounds pressure and cook for 25 to 30 minutes. Rub them through a sieve and season them to taste. To each two cups of pease add an ounce of butter and 1 to 2 eggs. Turn into a greased ring mould, if possible, cover and steam for 40 to 50 minutes.

The parsnips are cut in halves and boiled "normally."

If you are not going to have pease pudding with the hand or rolled streaky pork, cook with it several onions and carrots.

—Helen Burke



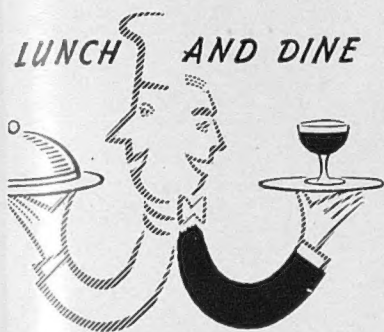
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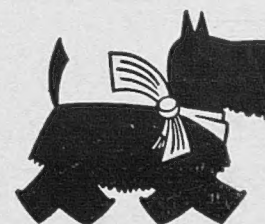


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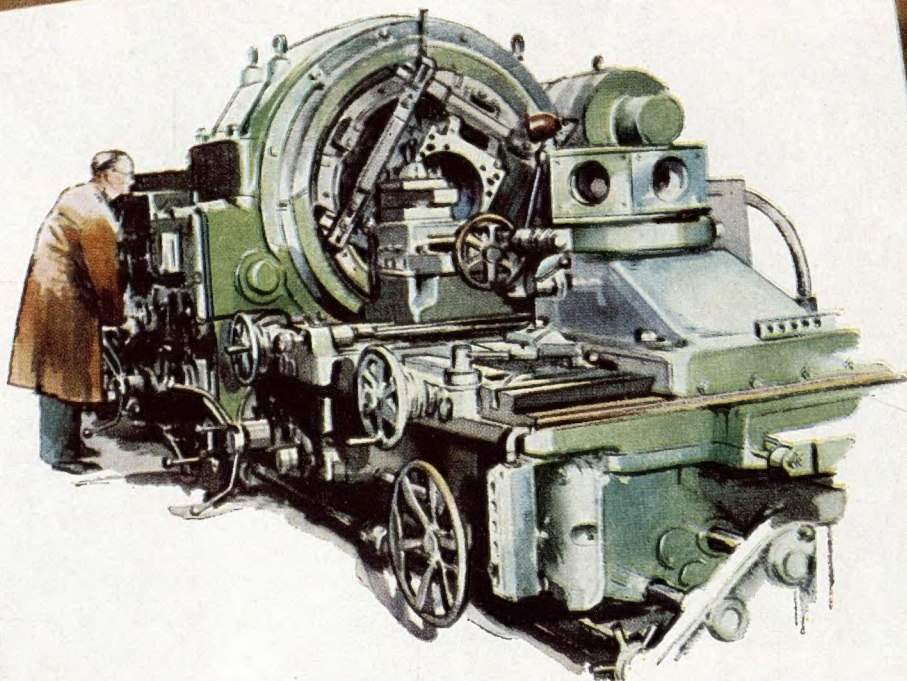
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